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The Outlook

A Family Paper

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LAWSON VALENTINE.

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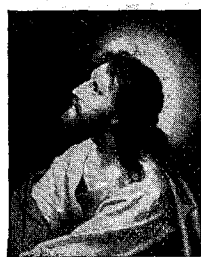
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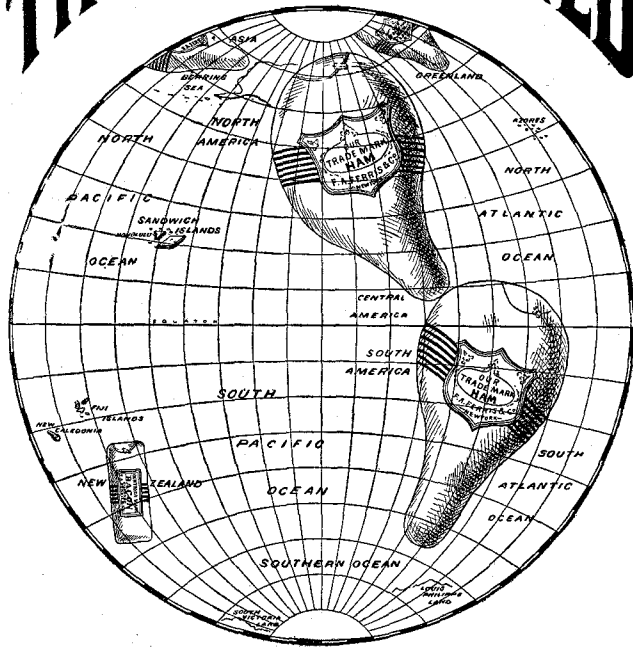
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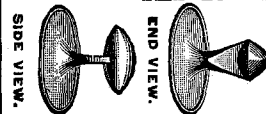


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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50

For Week ending 15 December, 1894

Number 24

SECRETARY CARLISLE'S currency plan, as outlined in his own report, contains one all-important feature not mentioned in the President's description reported last week. Secretary Carlisle not only proposes that all banks, State and National, shall be allowed to issue paper money up to seventy-five per cent. of their capital, but also that the paper money now issued by the Government shall be withdrawn from circulation. The proposition is certainly a startling one. In place of legal-tender money, it is proposed that the public shall substitute money which creditors may refuse in times of panic. In place of money the profit on which goes to the public, it is proposed that the public shall substitute money the profit on which goes to the banks. Two or three years ago Senator Sherman estimated that the Government saved on its paper money over \$10,000,000 a year, which it would otherwise be paying in interest on bonds—for Treasury notes are simply bonds bearing no interest. Secretary Carlisle recommends that the Government's "non-interest-bearing bonds" be retired, and that the privilege of issuing such bonds be given exclusively to the banks. He does not follow the Baltimore plan in asking that the Government shall directly guarantee the notes issued by the banks, but does ask that it shall so supervise and protect these issues that the public may accept them as money. The banks themselves would be put to no appreciable expense. They would, on their present capital (above \$900,000,000), be allowed to issue \$700,000,000 of paper currency, on condition that they keep \$200,000,000 of legal-tender money (30 per cent.) in reserve. Five hundred millions is, therefore, approximately the net sum which they would receive without interest and without cost to lend to their customers. If Secretary Carlisle's proposition stopped here, it would involve as much inflation, as well as class legislation, as did the Baltimore plan of the bankers, or the Sub-Treasury plan of the farmers. Secretary Carlisle's plan, however, is not the plan of an inflationist. In order to prevent the sudden expansion of the currency through the paper money issued by the banks, he recommends the retirement of all the legal-tender paper money issued by the National Government. It is significant that while this is the feature of the plan which most arouses the admiration of the New York "Evening Post," "Matthew Marshall," in the New York "Sun," whose articles on finance have attracted deserved attention from financiers and business men, argues that this feature will make it impossible to maintain gold payments, and urges

instead retiring the bank notes and increasing the volume of Government notes.

At present our currency is, in round numbers, divided as follows:

United States notes ("greenbacks")	\$350,000,000
Treasury notes of 1890 (Sherman Act)	150,000,000
Gold and gold certificates ¹	500,000,000
Silver and silver certificates	500,000,000
National bank notes	200,000,000
	\$1,700,000,000

It is the five hundred millions of Government notes (greenbacks and Treasury notes of 1890) which Secretary Carlisle proposes to retire. Inasmuch as \$100,000,000 of gold is held as a reserve against the greenbacks, and nearly \$100,000,000 of silver bullion against the Sherman Act notes, the sum required to retire the legal-tender paper money will be about \$300,000,000. This sum can either be raised by taxation or by the issue of interest-bearing bonds. The latter method would plainly cost the Nation ten millions a year, and to avoid this obvious evil the Administration, elected as the enemy of unnecessary taxation, asks the people to tax themselves the requisite amount. The alleged ground for this taxation is the desirability of relieving the Treasury of the expense of maintaining a gold reserve. The cost of maintaining a reserve is obvious to all, but equally obvious is the fact that, while it may require \$200,000,000 of capital to maintain the reserve, it requires \$500,000,000 to pay off the notes. The banks would need to keep quite as large a reserve as the Government, and yet the banks would confessedly be enriched if given the responsibilities of the Government along with its privileges. To the banks the issue of \$500,000,000 of notes secured by \$200,000,000 of reserve would mean an annual profit on \$300,000,000; to the Government the retirement of \$500,000,000 of notes secured by \$200,000,000 of reserve would mean an annual loss of the same magnitude. The public might submit to such a loss in order to provide itself with a currency of coin instead of a currency of paper; but we do not believe that the public will submit to it in order to provide itself with paper money not legal tender, and issued by a class, in place of paper money that is legal tender and issued by the public.

Perhaps the most important action of Congress last week was the inaction of the Democratic Senatorial caucus

¹ See Taussig's "Silver Situation in the United States."

regarding a change of rules to permit the majority to close debate when it has been unreasonably prolonged. Senator Daniels, of Virginia, offered a resolution in favor of the needed change, and Senator Vest, of Missouri, a former opponent, made a strong speech in advocacy, but a majority of the caucus manifested their desire to maintain the present system of permitting a handful of Senators at any time to block legislation. In the House the most important discussion was on the bill to permit railroads to enter into pooling agreements. Mr. Reed championed the proposed change, and attributed the number of railroad receiverships at the present time to the Inter-State Commerce Act passed in 1887 forbidding pooling. The opponents of the change, of course, take the ground that the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Act was followed by a period of railroad prosperity, and that the great number of receiverships this year is due to the inevitable effect of falling prices upon property mortgaged for its entire cost. It is illustrative of the way in which radical changes are brought about that the most extreme opponents of Government ownership were the most extreme supporters of the proposed change putting an end to competition.

The report of the Assistant Attorney-General of the Post-Office needs to be brought to the attention of Congress from as many quarters and with as much force as is in any way possible. During the past year, says this report, there has been an enormous increase in the number of lotteries and kindred "bond-investment" companies. Against these concerns 223 "fraud" orders have been issued, prohibiting the delivery of registered packages and the payment of money-orders to companies, but the Post-Office Department is helpless to prevent their growth. According to the present law the Department must deliver sealed letters to all firms, and the express companies may deliver the packages excluded from the mail. In fact, says the report, the express business in delivering lottery matter has increased in direct proportion as the post-office business has diminished. The evil cannot be checked except by the passage of the pending bill prohibiting inter-State traffic in lottery matter, and authorizing the Post-Office Department to return to the senders all letters directed to firms engaged in the violation of our laws. The speedy passage of this bill is earnestly recommended. Our readers are, of course, perfectly familiar with this bill (the Hoar bill), and with the manner in which it failed to become law at the last session, because a handful of opponents in the House managed to prevent its consideration. The same thing will happen again this session unless the friends of the reform are willing to give of their time and money to keep the matter before Congress and the country. Mr. Francis B. Sears, Vice-President Third National Bank, Boston, Massachusetts, is acting as treasurer for the fund that is being raised, and we earnestly urge our subscribers to consider this appeal.

The Chairman of the Temperance Committee in the Georgia Senate has given notice that he will presently introduce a bill for the establishment of the dispensary system in that State. In South Carolina this system seems to be made secure by the results of the recent election. Not only was the author of the Dispensary Law chosen Governor by an overwhelming majority, but a constitutional convention was decided upon, at which any possible doubts as to the constitutionality of the Dispensary Act are likely to be removed. What speaks most strongly, however, for the permanency of the essential features of the South Carolina system is the changed attitude of the Con-

servative press toward it. Even the Charleston "News and Courier" admits that the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises must not again be permitted in South Carolina. If the advocates of the Gothenburg system in Massachusetts would include just this popular feature of the Carolina system in their proposed law, they could doubtless secure the support of the great mass of the Prohibitionists. The South Carolina system has their most cordial support, and this system, quite as much as the Scandinavian, restricts the selling of liquors to salaried officials. We regret to see that some of the advocates of the Gothenburg system are criticising the Massachusetts Prohibitionists as allies of the liquor traffic, because they will not accept the Gothenburg system in its entirety. We not only deprecate the spirit of these criticisms, but believe that the Prohibitionists are right in insisting that the temperance sentiment of this country is a generation in advance of the temperance sentiment in Scandinavia, and that the conscience of America demands the South Carolina plan of no tipping-places, rather than the Gothenburg plan of orderly tipping-places.

The sentiment against saloons already dominates all classes of the people except the more recent immigrants. If to those who favor either State or local prohibition are added those who oppose both because they forbid men to drink in their homes, or because the cities controlled by immigrants would elect officers to violate the law, it will be recognized that a large majority of the people regard bar-rooms as a public evil. What is supremely needed, therefore, is a union of forces to make the will of the majority effective. The readiness of the Prohibitionists to accept the South Carolina system of restricting the traffic to public dispensaries offers one hopeful basis of union. The fact that any South Carolinian can legally buy liquor to drink on his own premises secures for the law the support of every loyal citizen who believes that the saloon is a public evil, no matter what he believes as to the moral rightfulness or wrongfulness of individual drinking. Such a law at the same time is not difficult to enforce, since the old toper or the recent immigrant who "will have his liquor" can secure it without violating the law. The South Carolina system, however, cannot be immediately adopted except in States where the temperance sentiment is strong. For other States the only immediate basis of union is local option. This the Prohibitionists are not only ready to support, but, in every campaign that we have watched, they have furnished the most determined and efficient workers. Local option, like the dispensary system, permits the purchase of liquors for private consumption, though not for public sale, and is enforceable because the same voters that enact it elect the officers to execute it. A local option law has, indeed, its limitations in that it does not even restrict the traffic in certain cities. But it has the advantage of being immediately helpful in a great many localities in every State in the Union. In New York State, where such a law is especially needed, we are glad to see that the State Temperance Society has determined to urge a local option measure upon the newly elected Republican Legislature. If the will of a majority of the constituents is carried into effect, the measure will be made law. If it is not made law, then the time for a revolt of the churches is at hand.

The week's testimony before the Lexow Committee included evidence that the police were bribed to permit some of the "boxing matches" (*alias* "slugging contests") that have taken place in Madison Square Gar-

den; that Inspector McLaughlin on one occasion assaulted a helpless prisoner with brass knuckles on his hands, and that Inspector Williams aided him in his brutality; while Street Commissioner Andrews, who appeared to deny charges of bribery heretofore made against him, not only utterly failed to prove his innocence in that matter, but was led into admitting other most suspicious financial transactions—such as the borrowing of money for personal use from a man largely favored in the way of contracts by Mr. Andrews acting officially as Commissioner. Father Ducey, undeterred by Archbishop Corrigan's threats of which we spoke last week, attended the sessions throughout. What is really the most important event of the week relating to the Lexow Committee is the resolution passed by the Chamber of Commerce providing for the appointment by the Chamber of a "Committee on Municipal Reform, whose duty it shall be to inquire and report at the next meeting whether or not it is desirable that the powers of the Lexow Committee should be extended for twelve months from the 1st day of January next, with the duty to investigate any or all of the departments of this city, to the end that men who have betrayed their official trusts and prostituted their offices for personal and private gain may be punished for their crimes." If this movement succeed, as every good citizen must hope it will, New York may obtain a municipal reform which shall be thorough and permanent. We understand, on what we believe to be good authority, that Mr. Byrnes will go on the stand next week. He certainly should do so before the Committee adjourns.

The National Labor Bureau continues to do invaluable work. The ninth Annual Report, just published, deals with the most successful American form of co-operation—building and loan associations. As there are now more than a million shareholders in such associations, the report is addressed to a pretty large audience financially interested in the subject, and the audience of those morally interested is coextensive with the thinking public. Most of the six thousand associations now in the country are less than ten years old—the average age is six years—yet already over three hundred thousand homes have been acquired through their agency. The present assets of the associations exceed five hundred millions. The associations have averaged but one foreclosure each—which means that only one borrower in sixty has had to throw back his property on the associations. The report makes no effort to show that the borrowers pay low rates of interest to the associations. In fact, it prints one chapter showing that a man will acquire a home with less money if he borrows from a savings bank for eleven years at five per cent., and meets his payments, than if he gets his money from the ordinary building and loan association whose shares mature in eleven years. This rather hostile calculation unintentionally brings out the reason why building and loan associations have been so serviceable. The ordinary shareholder in such associations cannot possibly borrow money at five per cent., he cannot easily borrow for eleven years, and he cannot without the greatest forethought and self-denial meet large interest payments. Through the building and loan association, if he borrows, say, \$2,000 ("ten shares"), his \$10 a month dues, \$10 a month interest, and \$2 a month "premium" amount to no more than rent, and are as easily met as rent by the person of ordinary thrift. In fact, for mechanics these payments amount to less than rent, for the rents charged on the poorer class of houses not only include interest but as much more for cost of collection, bad debts, and risks.

There is no better work any man can do to promote the material interests of salaried men and wage-earners than to get them interested in well-conducted local associations, in which they can make regular deposits until able to buy a lot, and from which they can then borrow enough to build a home.



M. Ferdinand de Lesseps

Few modern careers have touched such heights of achievement or passed through such vicissitudes as that of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who died on Friday of last week at the great age of eighty-nine. Inheriting a powerful physique and an immense vitality, abstemious and temperate in his habits, of great will-power and almost inexhaustible personal resource, with the audacity of

an idealist and the skill of a diplomatist, M. de Lesseps was eminently fitted for the great opportunity which came in his way, and he was also specially susceptible to the great catastrophe which overshadowed his later years. The projector of one of the greatest pieces of engineering in the history of the world, M. de Lesseps was not an engineer, but a diplomatist. At the age of twenty he was in the French diplomatic service at Lisbon; three years later he was at Tunis; in 1831 he went to Egypt as Consul; from thence was transferred to Malaga. In 1842 the attention of all France was directed to him by his intrepidity and decision in Barcelona at the time when the city was threatened with bombardment by the troops of Espartero. His last diplomatic task was the delicate one of restoring order in the Papal dominions, and his failure is said to have been due, not to any lack of skill on his part, but to the duplicity of Napoleon the Third. He left the diplomatic service and plunged with great energy into scientific investigation. The idea of cutting the Suez Canal had long fascinated him, and in his frequent voyages to Egypt he had given the matter a great deal of study.

The opportunity to build the canal came in 1854, and the enthusiasm, the force of conviction, and the indomitable energy of the projector were sufficient to overcome the ridicule, the skepticism, and the active antagonism of diplomatists, engineers, and capitalists. In fifteen years the work was complete, and the voyage from Europe to India was shortened by three thousand miles. Almost from the start the canal was a financial success. It revolutionized European trade with the East, made Cairo the geographical center of the British Empire, and led eventually to the occupation of Egypt by the English Government to protect holdings in the stock of the canal amounting to two-fifths of the original stock. One great achievement done, the indefatigable idealist turned himself to the Panama project; but here he had not studied the situation as he had in Egypt, he did not know the material with which he had to deal, and he was from the first surrounded with speculators, jobbers, blackmailers, and every kind of schemer. There seems to be no doubt but that the old man was blind to the fact that in the course of a few years his great project had become little more than a great swindle. When the lights were turned on, it was seen that the Panama Canal enterprise was the center and source of the greatest ramification of corruption known in political history. He was the dupe of his own imagination,

of his limitless faith in himself, and of the crowd of schemers by whom he was surrounded. The great career went out in a deep shadow, and its lessons are so obvious that they do not need to be formulated. Whatever criticism may be passed upon De Lesseps, it is certain that he did not share in the profits or the thefts at Panama, and the world will choose to remember his great achievement at Suez as being typical of the energy and genius of the man, rather than the terrible disaster at Panama, of which he was in a sense the victim.

⊗

The opening of the magnificent new Reichstag building in Berlin, on Wednesday of last week, was the occasion of one of those imperial pageants which still mean something in Germany because in that country imperialism is a vital force, and in which the Emperor William apparently rejoices because they express his conception of the function of the Emperor in modern times. Through the medium of many addresses and speeches, he has made it clear to the world that he regards himself both as the master and the servant of Germany. Not since the Middle Ages has any German ruler held apparently a more absolute theory of the power of the ruler, nor has any one, even among the hard-working Prussian kings and emperors, held himself to a more exacting discipline of labor and service. Whatever may be his defects and limitations, these things must be said of him. His address at the occasion of the opening of the new Reichstag was in line with all his recent utterances. It was a combination of democratic, not to say Socialistic, sympathies, with a declaration of autocratic power. The noblest task of the State, said the Emperor, is to protect the weaker classes of society, and to aid them to higher economic and moral development; and the duty of the State is to smooth away difficulties and to preserve an increased content and solidarity, but this must be done by the State and not by the people. In the same speech the Emperor declares that the existing laws are not sufficient to preserve the order of the country, and that a new bill (by which he means the Anti-Socialist Bill) will shortly be introduced, whose main provisions will be the extension of the criminal laws. Thus, as in his earlier speeches, Socialistic tendencies and autocratic methods go hand in hand. The new bill will be awaited with a good deal of interest. That it will be drastic, the resignation of Von Caprivi is sufficient assurance; and it will be a singular feature of the new bill that it will provide, among other things, for the payment of damages to persons who have been convicted of and sentenced for offenses of which they were innocent. This reads like a declaration that the new law will have strong hands and a free course to seize whom it chooses, but that if it seizes the wrong person the victim will be paid for his sufferings.

⊗

The Outlook has reported the widespread popular agitation in Austria looking to the establishment of universal suffrage in that country, and it has also reported the rapid growth of Socialistic clubs throughout the Empire. Those who know most about the situation declare that it grows more critical every day, and that it is impossible to predict what may happen when the Emperor Francis Joseph, who is universally beloved, passes away. Meanwhile, Prince Windischgrätz, the Austrian Prime Minister, has apparently planted himself in definite and final antagonism to the electoral reform movement. He declared that in the event of an agreement which should be accepted by the delegates of the coalition parties, based upon the Austrian principle of the division of electors into social strata, the Government would accept it, but that universal suffrage

was inadmissible. The Lower Chamber in Austria is made up of deputies sent there by the great landed proprietors, by Chambers of Commerce, by towns, and by rural corporations; and The Outlook called attention a while ago to the fact that in the present Chamber there are but two representatives of the working classes. The Prime Minister now proposes to admit representatives of the working classes, who shall be elected by their corporations. This is a concession, but it maintains intact the old Austrian system of classes and corporations, which dates back to the Middle Ages. It is very improbable that the popular movement which has already gained such headway in that country can be arrested by a concession which is simply a modification of method and not a change of principle. What the working people want is the bringing Austria into line with the general political constitution of western Europe. At present its organization belongs to the Middle Ages.

⊗

The Italian Parliament has just met. The Government has long been struggling with the ever-increasing perplexities of the financial situation; for the deficit steadily grows, and the attempts to remedy the evil, not by reducing the expenditure, but by increasing the income, have so far lamentably failed. At the very moment when the Ministry needs the confidence and co-operation of the whole country in an unusual degree, it is doing much to destroy that confidence and to alienate support by enforcement of the new drastic laws, nominally aimed at Anarchism, but really used to limit and harass popular agitation and constitutional discussion. When these laws were adopted, The Outlook commented on the probable reaction which would follow in attempting to put them into operation. It is always unsafe to trust any body of men with the power not only of characterizing the actions of their political opponents as treasonable, but of putting their own interpretation on the opinions of those opponents, and holding them responsible for these interpretations. That is what is now happening in Italy, where Republicans and Socialists are being treated as if they were public enemies, and identified with the Anarchists and Revolutionists who made so much trouble a year ago. Several Deputies have already been compelled to seek refuge in Switzerland. The effort to suppress all organizations of alleged Socialistic tendencies has been answered by the organization of a League for the Defense of Liberty, which has its headquarters at Milan, and which is rapidly ramifying throughout the entire kingdom. The League does not propose action, but is an emphatic and powerful protest against a practical suspension of constitutional rights. Italy is now attempting to escape bankruptcy without retrenchment, and to escape revolution by suppressing free discussion. Both of these experiments have been tried many times, and with but one result.

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John Burns, the organizer of the London dock strike, and the present leader of the labor wing of the Liberal party in the London County Council and the English Parliament, received a heartier public reception during his short stay in this city last week than has in late years been accorded to any other English visitor. On Monday evening there was a great mass-meeting in his honor at Cooper Union, and on Tuesday evening a largely attended dinner at one of the labor halls. At both meetings the burden of his speech was the impossibility of social redemption through each man working for himself, and the necessity of union in the labor ranks. At the dinner he attacked as injurious and immoral the lesson inculcated in American text-books—

"From the log hut to the White House." It was a lesson, he said, which inculcated the duty of rising above one's fellows, when the lesson needed was the lesson of helping one's fellows to rise. What carried his audiences with him, however, was less the strength of his thought than the power of his self-forgetful earnestness. His voice was rich and clear, and the strength of his feeling vibrated in every word, in every part of the hall. At the dinner he reached the highest pitch of eloquence while picturing what the work of the Church would be if it became the work of its Master. The cheers that came from his labor audience at the name of Christ exceeded any expression of emotion the present writer has ever witnessed in a Christian congregation. Mr. Burns comes to this country as a delegate from Great Britain to the convention of the American Federation of Labor in Denver next week.

"War, famine, and pestilence all at once. Pity this poor country!" So writes from Bitlis, in Armenia, to a correspondent in this country, an American who has the best of opportunities for knowing the history of the recent events in Armenia. Other letters received in New York and Boston from correspondents of unimpeachable truthfulness substantiate in general the reports of the atrocities hitherto printed. Unpublished extracts from these letters now before us confirm the account given in *The Outlook* last week. The slaughter began with attacks upon the Armenian villages by the barbarous Kurds, in retaliation for some slight resistance made against their plundering. The Kurds then sent word to Constantinople that the Armenians were in rebellion, and Turkish troops were sent to the scene at once, with orders to suppress the revolt—orders which they well knew they must interpret to mean the extermination of whole villages, if they would please the Sultan. The letter from Bitlis quoted above declares that the estimate of six thousand men, women, and children killed is much too small; that ten thousand would be nearer the right number. A letter from Constantinople, dated October 31, says that at least twenty-seven villages were annihilated in Sassoun. The very latest reports received by the Secretaries of the American Board in Boston declare, upon the authority of Constantinople papers (which, of course, are subject to a severe censorship by the Porte), that the Sultan sent a special decoration to Zeki Pasha, who commanded the troops that committed the atrocities described. It is also alleged, on the same authority, that a silken banner was sent by the Sultan to each of four Kurdish chiefs who were prominent in the massacre. In view of these facts, it would seem idle for the Sultan to deny his responsibility for the slaughter of these thousands of Armenians. The Turkish Commission which is to be sent out to investigate the matter is not likely to return any account which would be displeasing to its royal master. The true story, however, is likely, in the end, to be brought out as representatives of England, of the United States, and probably of other countries, will accompany the Commission. It is cabled from Constantinople that President Cleveland first declined an invitation to send a representative, but afterward agreed to permit our Consul in Sivas to go in an independent capacity. Lord Kimberley, the Secretary of the English Foreign Office, has promised publicly to use every possible means to bring the truth to light. The Anglo-Armenian Association in England urges upon Lord Kimberley, with strict justice, the fact that England was made responsible, by the Berlin Treaty, for the adoption by Turkey of immediate reforms in Armenia, and that nothing whatever will bring peace to that land and safety to

its Christian residents except the insistence by Great Britain upon the instant carrying out of these long-delayed reforms.

The events of the past week at Tokio and at Washington have shown that Marshals Yamagata and Oyama are not more skillful as commanders than are Count Ito and his coadjutors quick-witted and tactful as statesmen. This is seen not only in their treatment of China, but of their own country as shown in the treaty sent on Friday of last week to the United States Senate. As we have already stated, Japan gains autonomy in both domestic and foreign relations, in judicial jurisdiction as well as in tariff duties. It will be remembered that so long ago as 1878 we, alone of nations, formally recognized the exclusive power and right of Japan to adjust her customs tariff. That convention, though remaining a dead letter because the other Powers did not accept its provisions, has had, nevertheless, a great moral influence in supporting the Mikado's just claims. It has been feared that the question of Japanese immigration might prove a stumbling-block in the Senate, but that is apparently disposed of by a law of Japan forbidding immigration to an unwelcoming country. It is an interesting coincidence that, on the very day when Secretary Gresham sent this treaty to the Senate, he exchanged with Minister Yang Yu ratifications of the new immigration convention between the United States and China. This convention is to remain ten years in force, and longer unless six months before the expiration of that time notice of its termination shall be given by either party. Chinese immigration here is prohibited, except that any registered Chinese laborer who has a wife, child, or parent here, or property to the value of a thousand dollars, or debts of like amount pending settlement, may return to the United States. Other exceptions are those of Chinese subjects who are officials, teachers, students, merchants, or travelers. It is agreed that the Chinese in the United States shall have all possible protection, but not the right to become naturalized citizens. China's right to enact similar laws to our Chinese registration act is recognized.

The Chinese are now menaced both behind and before. A serious outbreak is reported at Wu-Hu, on the Yangtse. It is also rumored that foreign ships have gone up that river to the scene of disturbance. At Tientsin there is much anxiety, not so much from fear of the enemy as from the arrival of disbanded troops, who are ready for any mischief. A late dispatch informs us that "the British war-ship *Daphne* has left the fleet at Chifu for Tientsin, taking with her a guard of fifty marines." In Manchuria the Chinese have not only been outfought but outmaneuvered, and the mortification at their want of leadership is taking strange freaks. A memorial has been presented to the throne by a hundred and twenty high officials, charging Li Hung Chang with corruption, peculation, and deception, averring that he rejoices at the Japanese victories. Even Prince Kung does not escape. The two statesmen, together with the Taotai, Wu, and the Commander of Port Arthur, are alleged to be guilty of high treason in selling State secrets to the enemy. Whether these things be true or not, one thing certainly is, and is admirably expressed by the London "*Spectator*:" "Defeat by Japan may be, for aught any European knows, the very blow which the Chinese required to startle them from their slumber of ages, and to change their solidified self-conceit into a national pride which would at least forbid Governors to steal, and captains of men-of-war to go to sea without suf-

ficient ammunition for one battle." Meanwhile the exodus from Manchuria continues. Steamers from Niuchang and the railway from Shanhaikuan to Tientsin carry hundreds daily. It is now reported that the American missionaries at Tungchau, not far from Peking, are in peril, and that marines from the Baltimore have gone to their assistance. The unrest extends even to Wei-Hai-Wei, where foreign officers of the Chinese transports have been fired upon by Chinese soldiers. Much indignation has been expressed by the foreign residents everywhere in China, and it is now announced that, as a sop to them, Nankin and one of the ports on the island of Hainan will be opened to the foreign trade!



The Christmas Light

It is a consoling and beautiful thought, in the midst of so much intellectual restlessness, that, while many of the dogmatic statements of Christian philosophy are being modified, the great facts of Christianity shine with an undimmed light. One may deny that they are facts, as many do deny that there is any divine side to life, but to those who accept the facts, and who believe in the divine side of life, these great historical events remain unchanged from age to age. The centuries as they pass do not wear out their meaning nor exhaust their interest. On the contrary, with every recurrence of the great festivals of the Christian year, these events gain in depth and beauty. Christmas never meant so much to the world as it means at the end of the nineteenth century. There never was a time when its significance was so deep and of such vital importance, nor a time when, to the spiritually-minded, it had so many meanings. At this end of a restless and revolutionary age, when so many are inclined to take pessimistic views of human life, Christmas has a double revelation. It not only brings the disclosure of the divine purpose and the divine nature, but it holds a light within human nature as well, and shows its divine possibilities. The Jews, who had looked for the coming of the Messiah under so many impressive forms, failed to recognize him when he appeared at last in the most human guise. That he should come as a little child, that he should wear the common habiliments of flesh, speak the common language, live the common life, share in the common experiences, to most of them were facts incredible. They failed to perceive that in the very simplicity and entire humanness of the earthly life of Christ there was the uttermost redemption of human nature and the completest disclosure of its divine possibilities. Divinity went down to the very bottom in order that, rising again from the depths, it might completely regenerate the nature of man and the entire organization of society. If it had come clothed with the splendor with which the Jewish imagination foresaw it, it might have seemed as if a great part of human life were too lowly for its visitation, too opaque for its illumination; but the completeness with which Christ identified himself with humanity, the absolute communion of his life with its life, was a revelation of the possible dignity and nobility of every form of human experience, and of the possible indwelling of the divine in every human soul.

The divine light shone out of and through a human body. It saw with human eyes, touched with human hands, felt with a human heart, spoke with human lips; and whatever it used it consecrated. It forever redeemed the body from that misconception which makes it in itself corrupt; it forever revealed it as the temple of the Holy Ghost. It forever redeemed the ordinary occupations and

relations and affections of men. It showed that the divinest life was foreshadowed in the simplest family; that the highest duty was performed in the shop of the carpenter; that the highest love was expressed in the ordinary and familiar relations with friends, neighbors, and companions. It revealed the divine meaning in the most familiar things. The commonest incidents in the life of the sower and the reaper become symbolic of the profoundest truths. The wayside flowers, so common that they seem but weeds, were shown to have their roots in the divine beauty, and became, as it were, the blossoms of divine thought. And it not only disclosed the divine nature of man, but the divine origin of the earth. The fact that the Spirit of God, dwelling in the man of Galilee, walked the earth for more than thirty years, ate of its fruits, drank of its streams, lived in its sunlight, and drew daily lessons from its processes and its phenomena, demonstrated for all time that the earth, in itself, is no more corrupt than the body, but that both, coming from the hand of God, have the divine thought and nature in them. In these days Christmas can teach us no lesson more important, consoling, or inspiring than this. The day is like a light set in the heart of the year, and revealing everywhere that divine quality in man and nature and life which alone can give nature significance, the spirit of man nobility, and make the life of man prophetic of the heaven to come.



"The Bimetallic Fallacies"

The readers of the New York "Evening Post" are made aware of the publication of Mr. Haseltine's argument for bimetalism in the September "Nineteenth Century" by finding more than three columns of their paper given up to Mr. H. D. MacLeod's reply. Regarding this reply the "Evening Post" says: "A more trenchant exposure of the bimetallic fallacies we have never read." The Outlook is, therefore, glad to give to this "exposure" even more space than it gave to Mr. Haseltine's article. The first point upon which the two writers join issue is the question whether France did in fact, by the free coinage of both metals from 1803 to 1873, keep its gold and silver coins of the same value. Mr. MacLeod holds that the law failed, and writes as follows:

"In 1803 the ratio of gold to silver was fixed at 1 to 15½, at which it still nominally remains. Gold and silver coins were made equally legal tender at that ratio. But the French liberating armies plundered all the sanctuaries of the countries they came to liberate of their treasures. Vast quantities of silver were coined, and the market ratio of silver to gold became 17 to 1. Thus gold was at a premium from 1803 to 1850. . . . Soon after 1850 the gold supplies came in from California and Australia. . . . Silver departed from France in a flood, and at length became so scarce that it became necessary to coin those detestable five-franc gold pieces. . . . France closed her mints to the free coinage of silver in 1874, and became a gold monometallic country. The bimetalists persistently assert that it was the closing of the French mints in 1874 that caused the fall in the value of silver, whereas it was exactly the contrary. It was the fall in the value of silver which compelled the closing of the mints to the free coinage of silver."

Mr. Haseltine, it will be recalled, cited as final the unanimous conclusion of the British Gold and Silver Commission that French law, giving the same currency value to 15½ ounces of silver and 1 ounce of gold, did keep the market values of the two metals together, and that the repeal of the law caused the subsequent rapid separation. The question is of great importance, and therefore the facts in the case deserve to be stated at length. If Mr. Haseltine meant that the market ratio

between gold and silver bullion all over Europe was always precisely $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, he was mistaken. If he meant (as his article shows that he did) that gold and silver coins in France were at par in ordinary transactions, he was right. Soetbeer (the supreme monometallist authority) gives the following as the extreme variations in the average price of silver at London during each decade from 1803 to 1873:

1803	1 : 15.41	1849	1 : 15.78
1808	1 : 16.08	1850	1 : 15.70
1813	1 : 16.25	1859	1 : 15.21
1814	1 : 15.04	1860	1 : 15.30
1820	1 : 15.62	1868	1 : 15.61
1821	1 : 15.95	1871	1 : 15.57
1832	1 : 15.73	1873	1 : 15.93
1833	1 : 15.93	[1894	1 : 35.00]
1843	1 : 15.93		

In other words, the average price of silver in London never fell below the ratio of 1 to $16\frac{1}{4}$, and this ratio was reached only during the Napoleonic wars, when shipments from London to the French mint were well-nigh impossible. Never was the difference between gold and silver at the bullion-dealers' in London as great as the difference between silver and certified checks at the bullion-dealers' in this city during August of last year, when silver and checks were at par in ordinary transactions. Not only were both metals always in circulation in France, but both, in fact, were brought to the mint every year, and coined despite the charge for coinage. As to Mr. MacLeod's claim that silver was finally demonetized because it had fallen in value, Soetbeer's table is conclusive disproof. Silver kept its currency value so long as it was admitted to the currency. It was demonetized because the contractionists of France, who in the fifties had been demanding the demonetization of gold, saw in the sixties that silver was becoming the more plentiful metal. Even to-day, however, the amount of silver produced each year is but one and a half times the amount of gold, while at the beginning of the century it was three times the amount of gold. It has not fallen in value, therefore, because of its abundance, but because it is excluded from the currency.

The other point raised by Mr. MacLeod is of less importance. Having denied that the currency demand for a metal ever did keep its value at the legal ratio, he goes on to argue that it never could. The substance of this argument he puts in a paragraph:

"If it were possible to establish a fixed ratio between gold and silver by international agreement, it would be equally possible to fix the value of all commodities. Innumerable mercantile catastrophes are caused by the unexpected change in the value of commodities; why not, then, fix the value of all commodities, and so remove the cause of multitudes of mercantile calamities?"

If the Governments of the world were to agree to purchase all the wheat produced at 75 cents a bushel, wheat would not fall below 75 cents, so long as they kept their agreement. For the same reason, if they were to agree to take all gold and silver produced at a ratio of 1 to 15 or 20, silver would never fall below that ratio so long as they continued the purchase. Governments can fix the value of currency because they can control both the supply and the demand to an extent unparalleled in any other industry. The yearly production of gold and silver is less than the yearly need for more currency, and insignificant compared with the present supply of currency. The value of currency depends, like that of everything else, upon the total supply and demand. If governments admit new currency, whether of gold, silver, or even paper (as in the case of bank-notes), its value will be that of all other currency in circulation. The danger in the case of paper is that the amount may be increased more rapidly than the demands of trade; but this danger does not exist in the case of

silver, since the total yearly product available for currency is less than the normal demand.

Kindergartens and City Children

At the end of five years the New York Kindergarten Association has fifteen kindergartens under its management, while seven kindergartens have been opened in connection with the public schools of the city. Taking into consideration the great number of organizations and enterprises which press their claims upon the citizens of New York, this record is an encouraging one; but it is, after all, only a beginning. At the end of three years the Brooklyn Kindergarten Association has twelve schools under its charge, a record which is distinctly in advance of that made by the New York Association; while associations in other cities have made far greater progress. It is difficult in the metropolis to make the appeal of a new cause audible. It often takes years to do it; and there is nothing striking or sensational in the kindergarten to attract public attention. It must grow through the broadening intelligence of the people to whom it makes its appeal; but those who understand the methods of the kindergarten, and who know what its fruits are, are persuaded that there is no more fruitful agency now in use for the civilization of our uncivilized cities. Every kindergarten is a candle lighted not only for its pupils, but for the community. It is not as a charity or a philanthropy that the kindergarten makes its appeal, but as something far deeper and safer. It is as an education.

Plato said that the foundations of the State must be laid deep in education, and those who know what education means know that Plato was right. Our political and social and personal troubles are due more than anything else to the lack of education; to the lack, in other words, of the steady, harmonious training of character which carries with it that discipline of the individual will, that restraint of the individual desire, that sacrifice of the individual inclination, which secure not only the happiness of the individual but the safety of society. Froebel did not seek to organize simply a foundational school which should be a continuation of the family life, and should lay the basis on which all subsequent education should rest; he formulated a noble and vital philosophy of life, which he worked out on the educational side, and the application of which to boys and girls would work a beneficent revolution in modern society. The highest service which can be rendered to any person or class is emancipation from ignorance, weakness, and bad conditions. This means setting the personal force in every child free to command and secure what it deserves in this world. Money it is always perilous to give; food and clothing may degrade. Nothing requires greater discretion than to minister to physical needs without damaging the character of the recipient; but to give education is always safe. It may be given indiscriminately, because no one can appropriate it without being enriched. It is, therefore, no half-way measure and no unsafe method which the kindergarten urges upon the great cities as a means of reaching the children of the submerged tenth. It is something radical, fundamental, and, in its very nature, uplifting. There are dangers from superficial methods and untrained teachers and sentimental management, but the system itself, in its principles, its spirit, and its methods, is all health, power, and liberation. It issues in that creative freedom which Froebel put before him as the ideal end of education, but which so much of our education of every kind, being primarily critical in spirit and method, misses.

The Christmas Angel

By the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D.



It was the hour of rest in the Celestial Country. All the silver bells that mark the flow of eternity in that land where time is unknown were softly chiming down the streets of gold, and across the sea of glass, and over the meadows of asphodel. At the sound of their chiming all the angels who had been working turned to play, and all who had been playing sprang joyously to work. Those who had been meditating alone came together in companies to talk. Those who had been singing and making music began to listen. And those who had been far away on errands to the earth and other stars came back to Paradise, flocking as doves to their windows.

They had no need of restoration from weariness, for the inhabitants of that country never say, I am tired. But the law of changes holds true even in heaven, and happiness consists of an endless variety of labor and repose, society and solitude, music and stillness. In heaven also they say:

If life were only music,
Our hearts would sometimes long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

Far sweeter sounds the singing
For intervals of rest,
While thoughts of God are ringing
Unspoken through the breast.

It was in one of the quiet corners of the broad green valley called the Field of Peace, where the little Brook of Bright Hopes flows smoothly down to join the great River of the Water of Life, that I thought I saw a company of angels, returned from various ministries on earth, reclining on the fragrant turf where cyclamens and arbutus and violets and fringed orchids and pale lady's-tresses, and all the sweet-smelling blossoms that are separated in the lower world by the seasons, were woven together in a harmony of perfume, and solacing themselves with friendly converse. There were three of them who seemed to be leaders among their companions, distinguished not only by a more radiant and powerful aspect, but also by the gravity of their speech and the reverence with which the others listened to them. They were talking of their earthly tasks, of the troubles and miseries that they had seen among men, and of the best way to cure them.

"The lower world is full of unrighteousness," said the tallest and most mighty of the angels, clad in shining armor, and girded with a long, sharp, two-edged sword, by which I knew that he was Michael, the strong champion of the heavenly armies, and executor of divine judgments. "The earth is tormented with injustice, and the great misery that I have seen among men is that the hand of the evil is stronger than the hand of the good. The cruel are more powerful than the kind. The unjust override the just, and trample on them. The good cannot defend themselves against the wicked. I have seen the tyrant kings crushing the helpless people. I have seen the happy fields trampled into bloody mire by the rush of conquering armies. I have seen the honest pillaged by violence, and the meek oppressed with cruelty. I have seen that as soon as the flowers of purity and love begin to spring on the earth, the heel of brutal force treads them down, the hand of hatred tears them up and destroys them. The evil, as it seems to me, can be redressed only by force—more power to the righteous, strength to defend the helpless, strength to punish the wicked, strength to put down all injustice, strength to uphold the truth everywhere, and make the law of righteousness triumph. O that the law of our great King might be thundered out over this rebellious earth! O that the armies of the good might be equipped with new valor and armed with new might! O that we, the hosts of God, might be summoned, arrayed, dispatched, as we were once, against the rebel angels, to

mingle in the wars of men, to make the good victorious, and destroy all evil, and maintain peace with the sword! Then would the salvation of God be manifest, and the earth redeemed. We would break the fetters of the slave and shatter the thrones of tyrants. We would chain the cruel and violent. We would stand guard, with glittering weapons, about the bed of innocence, and defend helpless virtue, make liberty everywhere by enforcing law, and keep the peace of God with the sword of the angels."

As he spoke, his strong hand pressed the hilt of his mighty blade, and it moved and glistened, throwing rainbows of light around it, like spray from the sharp prow of a moving ship. Bright sparks of heavenly ardor flashed from the eyes of the listening angels; a martial air passed over their faces, as if they waited and longed for the call to warfare. But no silver trumpet rang from the battlements of heaven; no celestial drum-beat echoed over the smooth mead. Only the sound of the Brook of Bright Hopes was heard tinkling and gurgling among the roots of the grasses and flowers, and far off a faint cadence of song in the City of God.

Then another angel spoke, and made answer to Michael. He also was tall and very strong. But his strength was of the mind rather than of the hand. His face was clear and shining, and his eyes like flames of fire. Of flame also were his garments, clinging closely about him, as the fire enwraps a torch burning where there is no wind; and his wings, spiring to a brilliant point far above his head, were like the flame of a mighty lamp. By this sign I knew that it was Uriel, the angel of the sun, wisest and sharpest-sighted of all the spirits that surround the throne.

"I do not hold the same thought nor cherish the same desire," he said, "as the great archangel Michael. For I remember how often power has been given to the good, and how often it has been turned aside and used for evil. I remember how often angels of God have fought upon the side of chosen nations, and how often pride has followed success, and oppression has been the first-born child of victory. I remember how many of the liberators of men have become the tyrants of those whom they have set free, and the champions of liberty have been transformed into the soldiers of fortune. Power corrupts itself, and force cannot save.

"Do you not remember, Prince Michael, how you led the hosts of Israel, and gave them victory over every foe, except the enemy within the camp, whom you could not conquer? And how they became the oppressors of the nations against whom they had fought for liberty? And how the vices of the tribes of Canaan survived their conquest and overcame their conquerors, so that the people of Israel, who had destroyed the idols of their enemies, learned afterwards to worship them, and caused their children to pass through the fire to Moloch, and offered sacrifices to Baalim and Ashtaroth?

"Power corrupts itself, and force cannot save. Was not Persia the destroyer of Babylon, and did not Persia's tyranny soon need to be destroyed? Did not Greece break the yoke of the East, and has not the yoke of Greece been broken by the heavier hand of Rome? And are there no tyrannies, no cruelties, no iniquities under those immense eagle-wings that now overshadow land and sea? Listen!"

There was silence in the Field of Peace. A faint wind blew for a moment over the encircling hills, and with it there came a sound, confused and distant, as of the clanking of chains on the wrists of prisoners, and the sighing of millions of slaves, and the weeping of many children, and the blows of hammers nailing men to their crosses. Then it ceased, and Uriel continued:

"Power corrupts itself, and force cannot save. The earth is full of ignorance, and knowledge alone can deliver it. It is because men do not understand evil that they love it. Sin is folly in action, and unrighteousness is a blind giant. It is because men are ignorant that they

destroy one another and themselves. If there were more light in the world, there would be less sorrow. When light prevails everywhere, sorrow will cease. The world must be saved by wisdom—wisdom to understand the forces of nature, the secrets of philosophy, the laws which bind man to man. O that the great source of wisdom, our King, would enlighten the earth, inspire holy men to write infallible scriptures for every race, send forth floods of knowledge, and pour rivers of understanding through the world! And if he would send us, his angels, to instruct his creatures, how gladly would we go to fulfill his will! We would whisper the word of counsel and restraint in the ears of the erring, and tell knowledge to the perplexed, and gather the young and ignorant around us in holy schools of learning. Then folly would vanish like a mist, and the sun of wisdom would shine on all men, and the salvation of the world would appear."

A soft murmur of applause followed his words, and looks of eager intelligence flashed around the circle as the messengers of light listened to its praise.

But the third archangel shook his head and smiled in dissent, as if he knew the weakness of knowledge.

"Who was it," said he, turning to an angel near him, "to whom you were sent long since with counsel? Was it not to Balaam the son of Beor? And did not even the ass profit more by your instructions than the man? And who was it," said the archangel, turning to Uriel, "that was the wisest of all men, that searched out and understood the many inventions that are found under the sun? Was it not Solomon, the unhappy child of fortune, unable by his wisdom to save even himself from disgrace and death? Knowledge is not holiness nor peace. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit. I know it, because I, of all the angels, have communed most often and dwelt most frequently with men, since the day when God sent me to instruct Adam in Paradise."

Then I looked at him more closely, and recognized the beauty of the archangel Raphael, that sociable spirit whom the poet once described:

A seraph winged; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast,
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipped in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filled
The circuit wide.

"I know too well," he continued, while the smile upon his face changed to a look of sympathy and compassion, "the impotence of power to deliver those who are in the chains of selfishness, and the feebleness of knowledge to open the eyes of those who are blinded by their own sins. I believe only in the power of love and in the wisdom of kindness. What alone can save the world is for men to be made like God. When they love one another and help one another, then they will deliver one another from evils. How much of human sin comes from disease and want! How much of human violence comes from poverty and hunger! The cruellest oppression is when the strong keep the weak under their feet; and the bitterest pride is when the wise and learned despise the simple; and the greatest folly is when the rich think that they are like gods, and the poor think that God is not. If men would only help one another! If the rich would give to the poor, and the wise instruct the ignorant, and the powerful defend the helpless! If they would learn how to heal diseases and comfort sorrows and make life beautiful for all men! If there were houses of healing where the sick could be nursed and tended! If there were houses of refuge where the desolate could be protected! If there were joyous fellowships in which men should meet together, as of one family, and each should be happy in the other's good! But how can that ever be? Even the gods that men make for themselves are cruel and greedy and tyrannical and false. How can the only thing that will save the world be brought

to pass? How can human nature learn the meaning of humanity? How can man be made like the 'God of Love'?"

The question sent a deep silence around the circle like the lull of the wind that follows the sunset. And suddenly through this silence, like the song of a wood-thrush from its hermitage in the forest, a voice came ringing: "I know it, I know it, I know it!" Clear and sweet—clearer than the smallest silver bell upon the city's battlements, and sweeter than the harp that led the music in the angel choir—was that single, slender voice, thrilling through the odorous and translucent twilight which in heaven takes the place of night.

Nearer and nearer it rang, coming down the valley: "I know it, I know it, I know it!"

Then from between the gently smiling hills where the Brook of Bright Hopes rises, appeared a young angel, like a little child, with floating hair, clad in white, with green wreaths twined about his shoulders, and a tiny glittering star upon his forehead. As thistle-down, blown by the wind, dances lightly across the water, so he danced down the little stream, singing clear above the murmuring waters: "I know it, I know it, I know it!"

All the angels rose in wonder and amazement. Multitudes of others came, flying swiftly to the place from which the strange new voice was sounding. Rank within rank, in concentric circles, they stood upon the sloping flowery banks of the brook, while the child-angel danced into the midst of them, singing: "I know it, I know it, I know it! How shall men be made like God? By God himself becoming man."

At this all the angels looked one at another in wonder and awe, and drew more closely about the child-angel, as those who hear strange tidings.

"How can this be?" they asked. "Is it possible? How can God become a man?"

"I do not know," said the child-angel. "I only know that it will surely be so."

"But if God becomes a man," said Raphael, "He will be at the mercy of men; the cruel and the wicked will oppress Him. He will suffer."

"I know it," said the child-angel, "and by suffering He will know the meaning of all sorrow and pain; and He will be able to comfort every one who cries; and His tears will be for the healing of all broken hearts; and for His sake, and by His example, men will learn to be kind to each other."

"But if God becomes a man," said Uriel, "men will despise Him; the wise and learned will look down upon Him, and speak contempt of Him."

"I know it," said the child-angel, "and He will not answer them; but to the meek and lowly He will give true wisdom."

"But if God becomes a man," said Michael, "men will oppress and persecute Him; they may even take His life, since He will be no stronger than they."

"I know it," said the child-angel; "they will nail Him to a cross. But when He is lifted up, He will draw all men unto Him. From the cross He will stretch out His pierced hand to change the world."

"But how do you know these things," cried the other angels, "and who are you?"

"I am the Christmas angel," he said, "and this is Christmas Day. To-day the Son of God is born a child of man, to make the sons of men children of God. And I must fly quickly, before dawn rises on the world, to bring the glad tidings to those happy men who have been chosen to receive them first."

So saying, the child-angel sprang swiftly over the bound of heaven, and passed downward toward the night-shadow of the earth like a shooting-star that darts in splendor through the misty air leaving no track behind.

The other angels, as if drawn by an invisible attraction, followed after him—a multitude of dazzling, fluttering shapes, more brilliant than a rain of jewels falling from the sky.

But the child-angel went far more swiftly than all the others, because of the certainty of gladness in his heart.

And as the others followed him, they wondered what had been favored and chosen to first receive the great, the wonderful message.

"It must be the Emperor of the world and his generals," said they.

But the flight passed over Rome.

"It may be the philosophers and writers of learned books," said they.

But the flight passed over Athens.

"Can it be the High Priest and the King of the Jews?" said they.

But the flight turned away from Jerusalem. It floated out over the hill country, the great throng of silent angels keeping close together, as if perplexed and wondering, the Christmas angel darting on far in advance, as if he knew the way through the darkness.

The villages were all sleeping and still; but in one place there was a sound of low voices talking in a stable, a sound as of a mother soothing her babe.

All over the pastures a light veil of snow was spread, and on the loneliness of hill and vale the stars looked

down, sparkling with secret joy. And there were in that country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all nations. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. And the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go, even to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass. And I said to myself, I also will go with the shepherds to Bethlehem. Then I heard a great voice as of a bell, which said, Come! And when it had sounded twelve times, I awoke, and knew that it was a dream.

And yet it seemed to me to be true.

Two Christmas Stories

In Puritan New England: In the New South

A Badge of Sedition

By Annie Eliot



She descended the steep hill Giles Estabrook looked forth upon the gray waste of waters and the long flat marsh stretching from north to south with a heart which, if steadfast, was heavy with undemonstrative grief. The day had been bleak and the wind bitter. Fine particles of the drifting snow had stung the faces of the mourners who had just

laid to rest the form of his only brother. The gloom and privation of the cruel winter seemed to deepen as Estabrook faced it bereft of his loved companion.

"But who am I that I should question?" he said to himself, in a voice that he would not allow to tremble. "Make thy face to shine, O Lord; and for us, let us not be confounded!" And Giles Estabrook, as did others like him, put away the past with its burdens that he might grapple with the present, whose crowding emergencies and contingencies called for ceaseless activity; and as he closed behind him the door of his little clapboarded dwelling and fastened its rude bolt—for it was near nightfall—it was as if he shut out the sorrowful scene on the hill and his own grief, and came forward into the firelight of his kitchen resolved to face his daily life with undiminished courage and tranquillity.

On the wooden settle not far from the hearth sat Mistress Deliverance Estabrook, her hands busy with some warm knitting. Across the room gleamed, with a dancing brightness that lent them the distinction of costlier metal, the pewter plates and dishes on the dresser. It was as if the giddy reflection flickered and courted in fantastic response to the fire itself—they two the only bits of thoughtless, meaningless brightness in the room. And yet it was a time for serene and universal joy. It was Christmas Eve in Plymouth Colony, more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Giles Estabrook laid aside his broad-brimmed hat, and Deliverance moved to give him the warmest seat by the fire.

"It is hard to find a word of cheer for thee, my husband," she said as he drew near. "Mistress More hath even now sent me word to brew a bowl of that infusion of which thou knowest—for which I brought a small store of simples with me in the ship. She hath sickness in her house."

"And hadst thou thought of giving me a taste thereof?"

asked Giles, with a touch of apprehension. "Truly, I need it not. Rather will I clean the lock of my fowling-piece," and he went forward and took down the weapon, "that it be ready for emergencies. It is perhaps as efficacious a remedy, and not altogether a more painful one, for many a distemper."

Mistress Estabrook, whose skill as a compounder of remedies was acknowledged in the little colony, and who met the fate of most prophets in the skepticism of her own household, contented herself with rising to stir the mixture which simmered over the fire and saying, with regretful resignation:

"It would have warmed thee after thy cold hour without."

"There be yet other qualities of comfort than to be warmed and filled, Deliverance," replied the Puritan as he bent over his musket, a glint of humor in his deep-set eyes.

"Would that thy matchlock might have more time to rest in its corner," said Deliverance, abandoning her philanthropic scheme like a wise woman. "Methinks, since his Excellency the Governor hath sent back so hot a message to yonder heathen Canonius, there will be shooting that will bring in no wildfowl for my larder," and she sighed. "I have had my fill of danger," she concluded.

"When we covenanted together to plant the first colony in these northern parts, we expected not that the Lord should already have made for us a defended city, and an iron pillar and brazen walls against the enemy," said Estabrook, solemnly.

"Nay, but He will let his people mourn when their strong men are taken away, and the bulwark of His saints fall from the altar of His foundation." The tears came into her eyes as she came back to his side. "It is hard not to weep for thy brother, Giles," she added in a lower tone.

"It is hard, Deliverance," said he, with a gentleness that had not been in his voice before, "but it is not upon an easy mission that the Lord hath sent us; and yet have we been much blessed and strengthened. Hear what He saith unto His chosen!" He laid aside his musket, and, his wife's hand still upon his arm, rose, as though the words had for him a certain martial compulsion, as did so many of the Old Testament phrases in those days.

"I have set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant!" He paused an instant before he added, "And shall we say unto the Lord, 'Let us hold back our best from thy work'? and shall we fear that they who go before us have changed their glory for that which doth not profit?"

Deliverance knew the phraseology well; it was never

far from the lips of those who were wrestling with the forces of cold and hunger and danger, even as the Israelites of old wrestled for that which the Lord had promised them; but her heart ached for the loneliness of her husband in the loss of his brother, and the depressing storm and the knowledge of constant hardship in this long winter were too much for her confidence, and for the purpose she had formed to lead her husband's thoughts away from his loss.

"The words are great words," she said, as she went again to the fireplace, "even too great for me. I am but a woman, and I fear—I know not what I fear, but my soul is disquieted within me."

Slowly she stirred the mixture over the fire, while the downward curve of her lips spoke of the grief she repressed. Her husband watched her for a moment, and then, as he noted the regular motion of her hands, grown rough in the daily labor of the little house, and the cheek flushed with half-conscious rebellion, a tender smile touched his grave lips. Perhaps the fiber of vicarious responsibility was a little relaxed by sympathy.

"Deliverance," he said, in his grave, sweet tones. She did not reply, though she listened. "And it be so hard a life," he went on after a moment, "and thou, as thou sayest, a woman, naturally weak and disquieted—why wentest thou not back to the luxury of England, when yon good ship the Mayflower turned back to its shores? Thou hadst then my full permission."

"Giles!" The spoon fell from her fingers, and ailing Mistress More's broth was well-nigh spilled in the ashes. "Leave thee, my beloved! Leave thee in the wilderness alone! Go back to the land which hath cast us out, and where no freedom is!" The flush burned deeper in her cheeks. She was transformed from the depressed woman of a moment ago into a flame of enthusiasm. "Leave the Zion to which the Lord hath guided us, and where we shall live or die according to his good pleasure!" She clasped her hands in front of her, a familiar fashion of hers, and looked up to the tall figure of her husband with eyes alight. "Nay, my husband! Thy wife may have fears and forebodings, but she hath no liking for the part of the only one whose courage and faith have failed, and who should have sought home and safety in the ship which, thank God! took away no such cowards!"

Before Estabrook could utter a word in reply, there was a step upon the sill of the rude door leading into the tiny room beyond, and the figure of a child, small, almost elfish, with dark curling hair, gray eyes, and an expression half mischievous, half wistful, stood before them.

"It is Christmas Eve," said a slow, hesitating, yet very penetrating utterance. "It is Christmas Eve to-night, and in England there is reveling, and the burning of the Yule-log, and a wassail-bowl. Why do not we make merry, mother, since it be so merry and so gay a season?"

It was like a strange tongue breaking in upon the language of high and strong things; it was as if the voice of prayer were suddenly drowned by the instruments of a morris-dance.

"What sayest thou, child?" demanded the father, sternly.

"Hush!" said the mother, at almost the same instant. "Thou knowest not of what thou speakest!"

The child, frightened by her father's tone, and yet still dwelling amid the tales of an English Christmas which had taken hold of her quick imagination, came forward into the room. There was something quite unusual in her appearance; she was older than she appeared at first, perhaps twelve years old, and the unfriendly climate of this harsh country had not filled out her cheeks or touched them with color. She was pale and small and thin, yet pretty as a fragile wind-anemone is pretty, and with the same unconscious appeal to the tenderness of the observer.

"I said," she began again, "that it is Christmas Eve."

"How learned you that?" interrupted her mother.

"Mistress Halliwell did tell me."

"I thought so," said Mistress Deliverance, under her breath.

"Mistress Halliwell should have other things to do

than to fill the ears of youth with idle talk. I shall look to it," said Giles Estabrook, sternly.

"But is it not true, then, that the Lord Jesus Christ came to the earth this night, and that in all Christendom we are glad?" persisted the child. Her enunciation was remarkably clear; Puritan children learned early not to be daunted by long words. There was an instant's pause. Deliverance looked at her husband and waited for him to speak. For one reason or another, the Puritan spirit which never quailed in the presence of a doctrinal struggle seemed unaccountably behindhand. Estabrook frowned a little at the child, who in front of the fire waited patiently an answer to her question.

"It is true"—he began at last, and from Deliverance's breast came a sigh of relief that the evil spirit of insubordination was now to be exorcised, although it was not quite clear to her after what manner.

"It is true that, according to common acceptance, it was at this season of the year that a just yet pitying God sent his Son to earth, that we, his creatures, might have provided a way of redemption—but surely it is not therefore a time for reveling and for wantonness! Is it not rather a time to fast and to pray, as hath been ordained by our English predecessors in holy living; a time to humble ourselves in the sackcloth of penitence that the world was so lost that it needed a sacrifice, so dead in sin, so given over to a carnal mind, that only the Son of the Almighty could rescue it?" The tremendous words seemed to thrill the air of the room into attention. Deliverance drew her child to her side, feeling, together with her satisfaction at this conclusive testimony, a human sympathy for the culprit necessarily crushed beneath it. The child's eyes did not change from their expression of innocent questioning, and at the close of her father's sentences the slight vibrant voice was heard again:

"Methinks that it was a joyful thing for this poor world, so sunk in sin, that the Lord Jesus Christ came into it. Shall we not be glad at his birth?"

Estabrook bent over and pushed a smaller log more closely under the great one that burned at the back of the chimney.

"Have a care of the broth!" cried Deliverance.

"Thou art but a child, Arbella," said her father, straightening himself and looking down into the small face that he seldom caressed, but none the less loved, "and canst not understand these things; and thinkest because that thou, a child, could find pleasure in a thoughtless joy—" he paused a moment, and little Arbella, who would never have dreamed of interrupting her father, but was too absorbed in her subject not to fill in the opportunities left to her, spoke again with cheerful certainty.

"Yes, and if the Lord Christ came as a little child, too, would he not that joy should await him, and not sighing—being," she repeated, with a certain wistfulness, "but a little child?"

Perhaps Giles Estabrook wondered as he listened to her, half astounded by her unusual assertiveness, whence the child derived her singular capacity for theological argument!

"Nay, nay!" he said, with added sternness, for the matter had gone far enough. "Shall we laugh in the presence of the fulfillment of a divine dispensation for the good of a lost world? Shall we be merry when the beginning of the time has come when a great crime shall be permitted by an offended God? And, moreover," and his voice grew the more assured, as he felt beneath his feet the ground of Sinai, "shall we, who have come out from among the worldly, that we may be a chosen people—shall we join with them in their sinful excesses? Know that those men and women in England, who knew not sanctity, and who sneered at worship, and whose law was license—that they celebrated this Christmas-tide, and forgot its import? They slew their bullocks, and poured out oil and wine, but not unto the Lord; and in such sacrifice the Lord delighteth not."

"Yes," joined in Deliverance, having removed her dish from the fire, and poured its contents into a jug that could be carried, "thou knowest not, Arbella, of the waste, and

the riot, and the drunkenness—and it were better for thee not to know.”

“But the poor, had they not a share of the wastefulness? and had not many food and drink that sometime they had not? even as some in our own colony have but little, and thou thyself, my mother, have said it is a hard thing.”

“Mistress Halliwell hath done her work well,” said Estabrook, grimly. “She hath implanted in thy heart a love of worldliness, which hath its excuse in love for thy fellows, and a longing for the forbidden things. To thy father and thy mother the season brings thoughts of things meet for repentance. Thy child’s heart is unregenerate and given over to vanity.”

Poor little Arbella shrank a little at the words, though her eyes still shone with the visions called up by the unorthodox and light-minded Mistress Halliwell.

“I go to see that the dumb beasts are fed, Deliverance,” he said, in a different tone, “and will be with thee again.”

He went out, and a draught of air from the opening and closing door made the flame leap into sudden brilliance, and drove mother and daughter closer to the hearth.

“I am surprised at thee, that thou troublest thy father with questions,” said Deliverance, severely; “thou, who knowest that his brother is but now taken to yonder hill-top, and were it not that he boweth to the will of the Lord, he would be to-night in sore sorrow and travail of spirit.”

Tears came into the child’s eyes.

“I meant not to trouble him, mother,” she said, more sadly than she had yet spoken; “but Mistress Halliwell said to me that we needed Christmas cheer at our house to-night.”

“Mistress Halliwell’s tongue—” began Deliverance, impatiently, but the sentence was completed to herself as she moved about the room, stirring up a cake of meal to bake in the ashes for their supper.

Arbella still sat by the fire. What pictures she saw in its glowing heart it were hard to say; perhaps even the stern Puritan leaders might have found them innocent enough. Mistress Halliwell was one, as may have been surmised, not altogether in spirit with the greater part of the colony. She had come to it, not so much fired by the common enthusiasm as influenced by her love for her younger sister, the devoted wife of one of the Pilgrims setting sail for New England. She would not let this sister come without her, so she came herself to a strange land. She sympathized with the aims and beliefs of the Puritans and conformed to their ways in essentials, but her naturally warm and joyous temperament refused to be either crushed by her environment or transmuted into that sweet, deep seriousness shared by so many of the women of the time. She loved the lighter things of life, and refused to have a sponge drawn across the remembrance of them. And yet, disapprove of her as they might, rebuke her as they did not hesitate to do, no one of the colonists hated Mistress Halliwell or thought serious evil of her. Half in mischievous impatience with the dreariness of what had been once to her a season of heedless joy, and with which she was not yet too old to sympathize; half in a real wish to cheer the little unworldly, but still childish, Arbella, who had lived for days in an anxious, sorrowful household, she had been telling her the Christmas tales which still charmed and beguiled her as she sat before the fire under the ban of her parents’ displeasure.

“Is it true that they bring gifts to each other on Christmas morning?” she asked, suddenly; “lovely gifts that make one glad?” She had so lost herself in her dreams that she had forgotten that the subject was positively tabooed.

“It may be,” said her mother, shortly; “a foolish, wasteful fashion, savoring of sinful excess.”

“Even as the wise men of the East brought gold and frankincense and myrrh,” murmured Arbella to herself. Mistress Estabrook heard, and laid down the dish she held in momentary dismay. She wished Mr. Estabrook would return; she felt unable to cope single-handed with the sudden growth of heretical weeds—that had now and then a look of orthodox flowers.

“And there be good spirits that go about and bring

gifts to the people, in especial sort to the children? That they make their way by the chimney, some have said.”

Here, at least, was firm ground upon which she could stand.

“That is all rank superstition and folly, and worse than folly,” declared Deliverance, stoutly. “Let me hear no more of such folk. Coming down chimney, indeed! Godless creatures would they be, and without sense of what Christmas means, be it either for fast or festival.”

Was it possible that the suggestion touched that Puritan chord of superstition which afterward sounded so harshly that Mistress Estabrook glanced hastily at the wide-mouthed chimney, notwithstanding the vigor of her denial?

“I would there were such an one,” said Arbella, singularly undismayed—there were so many godless folk about in this sinful world—what mattered another here and there! “I would there were such an one, and he would bring me a bit of holly.”

“Holly! What knowest thou of holly?”

“Only that it be a part of Christmas, and is wondrous bright and joyful,” and she looked up into her mother’s face with shining earnestness. “It hath leaves of a bright, dark green that fadeth not in the winter, and red berries that are, saith Mistress Halliwell, like laughter in the midst of the snow. It seemeth a very Christmas garland in the brightness of its greeting, saith Mistress Halliwell. Hast ever seen holly, mother?”

“Yes, I have seen it,” admitted Deliverance, unwillingly and somewhat guiltily. “But it is a plant little thought of, thou foolish child—”

The outside door opened, and she paused as her husband entered the room.

“And in what lies thy child’s more than common folly, wife?” he asked, having caught her last words, and brushing the snow from his sturdy homespun. In meditation on weightier matters, he had forgotten the seed of rebellion planted within his own vineyard.

“She doth but ask have I ever seen the holly,” answered Deliverance, with a mother’s instinct to shield her child from even well-merited rebuke.

“Holly!” exclaimed Estabrook, carried back in an instant to his former indignation as he strode forward and stood beside his chair placed at the simple supper-table, to which Arbella, at her mother’s silent bidding, had also drawn near. “The seditious badge of a seditious people! A sign of the worship of idols and the glorification of feasting and wantonness! Wouldst thou have holly, thou silly maid? Wouldst thou have also drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking? Wouldst thou, perhaps, have mummers and maskers and ill-conditioned sports and levity?” Poor Arbella, whose highest flights of imagination had soared to no such reprehensible height, stood with wide eyes and frightened lips before the torrent of her stern father’s displeasure. “Have I a child who would fain mingle in the dancing and the carousing and the levity of a people which knows not earnestness, and from whom the Lord hath bidden us come forth, saying, ‘Come thou out and be thou separate’? Doth she pine for the wassail, and the feasting, and the caroling, and the very freedom of license which hath defiled what should be a fast and a day meet for repentance—doth she long for an English Christmas?”

Arbella, to whom, in spite of her familiarity with the language of controversy and that of the Old Testament, many of these words presented no idea whatsoever, was at last overwhelmed by her sense of guilt. Her head drooped as she seated herself in her high wooden chair, after the long grace said by her father—which dwelt with some particularity upon the sin of contumacy—and she ate her porridge in silence; nevertheless, through all the sense of guilt quivered a horrified fascination, also aroused by her father’s words; and specially did those terms, doubtless of Apollyon, “mummers and maskers,” haunt her with the terrific spell of wondering ignorance.

It was several hours later that Mistress Estabrook, her coarse knitting in her hands, looked up suddenly to her husband, where he stood putting on for the second time

his broad-brimmed hat, ready dressed to go out into the night, and said:

"I hear a knock! It is late for one that cometh in peace."

Arbella had been sent to bed an hour ago; the fire was burning lower, and Giles Estabrook was ready to watch till midnight at the bedside of a sick neighbor.

"Be not so full of fears!" he said, going toward the door. "It may be one sent to remind me that I am wanted yonder. Who is there?" he asked aloud, his hand on the latch. There was no reply. Deliverance started forward, but before she could help or hinder, he had opened the door wide. The storm had ceased; the sky was bright with stars. The uncultivated, wooded, irregular country lay white before them. The sound of the water, still uneasy after the storm, came to their ears; here and there, near at hand, was a dim flicker of light from houses like their own, but otherwise there was no sight nor sound.

"It is not the first time thy ears have misled thee," said Estabrook, after a moment in which he, with his wife, looked forth into the cold silence.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to the ground where a bit of something dark lay close to the very threshold upon the whiteness of the snow. Estabrook stooped and picked it up. Its sharp touch was like that of something sentient. It was a bit of holly.

"Mistress Halliwell doth presume too far!" Estabrook's tone fell trenchantly and roughly upon the still, sharp air, as he flung away from him the green spray with a force that, light as it was, carried it several yards before it fell into the new-fallen snow. Then, turning back, he took his stout staff from its corner, and without another word went out, and closed the door, while Deliverance, shivering, went slowly back to the failing fire. The room was utterly silent; there were no sounds of voices or passing carts from without. It was as if the little houses slept the sleep of exhaustion in the midst of unknown dangers, tossed up on the uneven hillsides by the careless waves of the restless sea, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, the wide ocean on one side, the vast, untrodden, undreamed-of continent on the other. As a child, helpless, yet confident, sinks into slumber, so slept the little hamlet, "between two silences."

Deliverance's eyes sought the glowing coals in the midst of the wide, deep chimney; behind her the shadow of the spinning-wheel made fantastic shadows on the bare floor; the pewter dishes flickered more faintly as the fire sank lower, but within its heart was still warmth and glow. From the bareness and simplicity of the present, her thought drifted back to the brightness and color of the past, and still farther back to the simplicity of another Christmas in the time that no man remembereth. Possibly she did not think of the Christ who came to his starlit, welcoming world, with the unquestioning triumph in the freedom of the gift that is growing upon that world as the years go on. There were, then, questionings concerning predestination, calling, and election, that complicated human thought of divinity even when it came as a little child; but there was, nevertheless, love and worship as well as reverence in her Puritan heart, as she bowed her head in the presence of something new and dear and strange and comforting that was in this night, that lay about her clear and still; something that lifted her above the sorrow and hardship, and touched her with the spirit of prophecy of what was to come beyond it—and when she looked it in the face, it was Joy!

It was several hours later. Mistress Estabrook, who had been sleeping for some time, roused herself at the sound of her husband's step on the soft snow. She had been listening for it even in her dreams, and she rose and unbolted the door.

"Better," was the reply to her inquiries. "I think it be the pleasure of the Lord that he be raised up. It is cold," he added as he came into the living-room, which, chilly as it was, was warm after the freezing night air. There were yet embers in the fireplace carefully covered for the morning. Estabrook bent and stirred them into a flame, throwing on a small stick of wood. As he raised his head, his

wife was standing close to him, and, half startled by the expression of her face, he followed the direction of her eyes to the corner of the chimney-place. What he saw there arrested his attention as it had Mistress Estabrook's. And yet it was no unusual or uncanny object that held them both in such startled silence, this thick little gray knitted stocking. There was something almost ludicrously disproportionate in the small, every-day, unassuming bit of wearing apparel, that now and then wavered in the strong draught of the chimney, and the intense feeling it kindled in the breasts of the stern Puritan and his wife.

"She hath hung up her stocking!" murmured Deliverance at last, under her breath. "She did speak but now of the gifts that Christmas brought."

"She hath well imbibed the light-minded and light-hearted doctrine of yonder Mistress Halliwell!" said Giles Estabrook, grimly.

"But the marvel is when she hath put it there," went on Deliverance. "She slept when I laid myself on my bed, and she sleepeth still."

"The way is ever easy for deceit and double-dealing, when the desire of vanity is aroused."

Estabrook's voice was stern as that of a judge sitting in judgment.

"Oh, Giles!" exclaimed his wife in quick defense, "our child is not a deceiver! Call not her childish folly by so harsh a name! She thought but of the gifts that might be free to all; she has but dreamed an idle dream of wondrous things she knows not of." She paused, and her voice trembled as she began again. "Dear heart! she hath not so many joys—surely, Giles—she is but a child—when all is said." Her voice broke and grew silent. The vision of small, sleepy, shivering Arbella stealing across the dark room to the mysterious chimney, eager for a shining plenteousness of which she knew nothing, was too much for Mistress Estabrook's discretion.

The stocking—empty, ungraceful little thing—hung limp and uncertain in outline, as the feeble flame flickered on the hearth.

"Aye, thought and dreamed!" exclaimed Estabrook, in a low tone, but with an energy perhaps heightened by the sight, perhaps more eagerly grasped that it seemed slipping away from him. "And of what? Of toys of idleness and vanity, and not of the gift of redemption. Is it for such thinking and such dreaming that we are training the soul the Lord hath given into our care? Let her think of that gift of Christmas night—a sometimes worse than pagan festival—that gift of atonement hardly come by, with prayers and groans and tears, by God's very elect, and not of the idle superstition of chimney-places, and saints of man's ordination, filling shoes and stockings with what tendeth but to folly!" He put out his hand toward the little splinter of wood that held the stocking in a crevice of the masonry. "I will pull it down, and when the morning cometh, and there is no sign of it, she will repent of her foolishness, and, it may be, turn her thoughts to other things."

"Oh!" breathed the mother, hastily, as she, too, put out her hand in detaining gesture, "wilt thou not leave it? She will think thee angry—and—" She was frightened herself, for when the esteemed Mr. Estabrook spoke in that tone of decisive reproof, she dreaded his displeasure as she valued his affection; but she went on, driven by unquenchable tenderness for her sleeping child, "and it will be Christmas morning, and—thou art her father—"

Estabrook drew back his hand and turned to look at his wife; she, half fearing a sterner reproof, left her sentence unfinished, and, adding, "I will see if she sleepeth yet," stepped to the inner room. The kitchen was almost totally dark; only the dim radiance of the hearth made a little circle of faint light within which Estabrook stood, and beyond which the figure of his retreating wife sank into shadowless dusk. Before him, in the murky depth of the fireplace, hung the knitted stocking, plain little claimant of the joys and mirth belonging to less repressed childhood, held up half confidently, half timidly, that some overflow of Christmas gayety might find its way into it. This plaintive assertion of Arbella's childish hopes seemed for the

moment, to the stern, grave, but not hard man, the mute protest of the lightheartedness and careless grace of childhood itself, which, like many other pretty natural things, he held it needful to curb for conscience' sake. And, over and over, his wife's last words sounded in his ears with a significance she had not dreamed of. The glow of the embers was fast sinking in ashes; if he did not heed there would be need of patient work with flint and steel with cold hands in the cold morning. There was silence in the room in which were his wife and child—apparently they had left him to face and settle the difficulty alone.

"And it will be Christmas morning—and thou art her father!" The plea urged in human pity for the sensitiveness of his own child grew, to his consciousness, into the vast plea for all humanity, rising from the snow-covered hills and the sunny slopes of the whole world. The mighty sense of that universal Fatherhood which had sent its best gift to His helpless children, surged within his breast like the wave of a beneficent sea, too broad for sight or imagination to compass.

It had been a song of joy that had roused the shepherds of Bethlehem—a song of joy!

The door of the inner room moved on its rough hinges. Deliverance was groping her way to his side.

"The child sleeps still," she said, softly.

"Let us also sleep," said Giles, turning away, and Deliverance's keen eyes saw by a line of deeper blackness that the gray stocking still hung in the darkness of the chimney-place.

The remaining hours of the long night passed. In the east the dawn was growing in the solemn magnificence that abated not one shade of its glory for all the repressive legislation of the little colony that lay by the side of the sea. Discard luxury, and scorn the pomp of sacerdotal vestments and the gold and crimson and sensuous color, as the stern Puritan spirit might, still, in undiminished glory and gorgeous wastes of harmonious tints, the sunrise and sunset skies and the autumn forests bade it remember the divine impulse of beauty.

The sky was brightening with the dawn, but the earth was still gray and dim and misty when Deliverance, having roused herself from slumber, stood looking out through the tiny window. Short hours of rest and long days of labor were the rule with these pioneers of liberty. Estabrook was already dressed and had gone out, probably to feed the animals and to see that they had not suffered in the cold; the crackling of the fire showed that he had heaped it afresh with wood. She glanced through the door into the little closet where Arbella lay. She caught the sound of her long, regular breathing as she slept the deep sleep of childhood. Now was the time to carry out a project that had come to her the night before, that she had tampered with, half shocked at her own rebellious weakness, and that this morning sprang to life, a fully formed purpose. She finished dressing hurriedly, and slipped out of the unbolted door. The dim, misty grayness was beginning to feel the warmth of the heavens, smoke curled here and there, and the colony was awake. Out to sea, the outline of the island where that first Sunday had been passed raised itself from the waters. As Mistress Deliverance stepped from the threshold she saw the figure of a man just before her in the trodden path. His face was turned from her, and in the uncertain light she did not recognize him as her husband. He was stooping and looking for something in the snow. As she waited, he raised himself and stood erect, and she saw that it was Estabrook, and that in his hand was Mistress Halliwell's sprig of Christmas holly. She stood silent and wondering in the sharp and cutting air, her hands clasped in front of her—her mission had been forestalled.

He came towards her slowly, and, as their eyes met, a slow, sweet smile curved the lines of his firm, handsome mouth.

"I have found it," he said; "and the foolish thing hath kept its brightness through this bitter night."

"Yes," she answered.

He looked down at the trifling object. Perhaps his spirit recognized something of kin in its unfaded exist-

ence; something hardy and storm-defying and undaunted. "Didst thou come to seek it also?" he asked.

"Yes," she said again.

They went in together and stood before the fire, which was leaping into uproarious life, and slowly, with clumsy, stiff fingers, Estabrook stuffed the bit of green and red into the little, unfilled gray stocking, which took suddenly upon it a look of something merry and gratified.

"It is but a bit of holly," he said, with Puritan dislike of demonstration of any sort.

"Yes," echoed Deliverance, softly, "it is but a bit of holly."

And both of them knew in their full hearts, as they turned away and listened for their child's coming, that they spoke not the very truth.

Miss Pettigrew's Cedar-Bush

By Martha McCulloch Williams

"To think of goin' to town the day before Christmas! Of all days in the year the very worst!" Miss Pettigrew said, peering intently forward along the frozen road. There had been warm rain to make it a quagmire, with sharp cold after, that had turned each mountainous rut to stone. The wind, sitting at northwest, had an edge of steel. It bit and tore the huddling clouds that went scurrying before it in long frightened lines. They were cold and gray to the finest fleecy edges. It seemed as if the wan sunshine had been strained of all its gold.

"I'm sorry for you, Molly—sorrier than I am for myself," Miss Pettigrew said to the bay mare between the shafts of her old buggy. "If I had dreamed the road was so cut up I'd have walked, or rode in the wagon. I ought to 'a' known, though—dear knows! every nigger an' poor white in the county has been stringin' in town to buy his 'Christmas,' as he calls it. I don't for the life of me see how they can be such fools—spending money on candy an' firecrackers for children that have not got a shoe to the foot, nor hardly clothes to cover them. Patience knows! I'll be glad when it's all over, an' we can settle down respectably to another year's work."

A wagon piled with hogs, killed yesterday, but frozen stiff, came straining after Miss Pettigrew's buggy. At the gashes in the carcasses you saw firm white fat, and lean richly ruddy as a summer rose. Besides, the jowls were so fully curved they must in life have threatened suffocation. Evidently the creatures had been fed till further fatness was impossible. The scraped skin was of a dull delicate pinkness, and wholly free from blurs or tufts of hair left carelessly in place.

"That's good meat, if ever I saw it," Miss Pettigrew had said, as she watched it piled in the wagon. Miss Pettigrew knew whereof she spoke. Less than excellence was not tolerated in anything from her farm.

"The very best ain't none too good," had been her grandfather's maxim. His daughter, the first Sarah Pettigrew, had not failed to impress it upon Sarah the second. She had brought her niece up likewise to the most punctilious regard for her word, once it was passed in a matter of any sort, but more especially one of business. Otherwise Miss Pettigrew might have sat snug at her own fireside this blustery, bitter day.

She had agreed, six weeks back, to deliver the pork "after the first good killin' spell"—by which she meant the first sharply cold weather. It had been unreasonably delayed. A ghost of Indian summer had lapped the fading world until Christmas was at hand. Weather-wise old folk said it was always so, after a summer of drought, adding with a shake of the head that it was one of nature's compensations. Mast there was none in the woodland, except here or there at a sink-hole; while out in the fields, and along the hedges, ragweed and partridge-berry had utterly failed to seed. So the wild creatures of all sorts were like to go hungry if winter were long and hard. Most of all the birds, who, lacking the prevision of four-footed things, depended for each day's maintenance upon what the day might bring forth.

The creek valley through which the road ran for some

way showed alike the lingering summer, and the winter hardness so swiftly fallen upon it. Fern upon the hillside jutting over the stream was still tenderly green; the dark wax-leaved cross-vine hung glossily flaunting about the tree-trunks; mosses on the rock-ledges were cushions of frozen verdure; yet down below, the water, dripping over a stony shelf into the tumbling stream, had turned to a fringe of giant icicles, slender and sharp and cruel enough to serve as spears for the Frost King's chosen lancers.

Upland or low, tree and shrub were bare. Cedar was all the evergreen native to the soil. Even the cedars grew sparsely—but here or there an isolated root. For the most part they had been transplanted to the yards about the farm-houses or else to the scattered burying-grounds that crowned so many hill-tops. It was only in such stony seat as forbade digging up that there was now any show of their prickly somber green. Where the road made out of the bottom, and ran on up-hill, a gnarled, stunted tree had stood ever since it was a road. About it, clinging desperately to crevices in the limestone ledges, or fighting hard with a cumbering oak-tree's root, perhaps half a dozen seedlings grew, most of them bent and scraggy from strenuous despoiling, but one or two fair and straight, with branches each side in the most symmetrical spread.

"That's a fair match to my cedar-bush," Miss Pettigrew said to Molly as that stanch animal began briskly to climb the hill. As Miss Pettigrew spoke, she nodded toward a youngish cedar which she had grown to watch jealously, comparing its growth with the one she had set in plain sight of her window at home. She had found it in the woods, a tiny seedling, barely as high as her finger. She was not happy then. She had come to thirty-five, and the crisis of her life. The small prickly thing had appealed to something deep within her. She had taken it up and given it a pleasant seat. But for long it had obstinately refused to grow. Perhaps it was the obstinacy which so rooted it in her affection. Or it may be she grew to love it through lack of any more sentient thing. There was only Aunt Sarah—Aunt Sarah, who was so utterly just that there seemed no room in her soul for mercy or tenderness or love.

Life on the Pettigrew farm knew neither fast nor feasting. Holidays went unnoted; birthdays were never named. "You'll die soon enough without countin' your days," Sarah the elder was wont to say. "Besides, we don't live so poorly that there need be great to-do made over any time at all."

That was strict truth. Life was so sharply thrifty in the Pettigrew household, each of its two occupants could eat the fat, drink the sweet, whenever it pleased her so to do. There was no stint of anything but happy freedom. Such frugality as prevailed was solely a matter of inclination. The elder woman really cared nothing for luxuries. The younger felt in honor bound to the sternest repression. Her father had played prodigal, wasting all his substance in riotous living. When his one child came orphaned to her only kinswoman, it seemed to her that her life must be devoted to making atonement for his waste.

Nothing was absolutely her own except the cedar-bush. She had been brought a hungry child in rags to this warm shelter. It hardly occurred to her that one day all would be hers—the house so full of ugly, solid comfort; the land, the stock, the money at interest. Her father, sharing equally with his sister, had thrown away his patrimony. Aunt Sarah might rightfully give hers whithersoever she pleased. Indeed, she had no doubt it would go mostly to the missionaries. Aunt Sarah had always the liveliest interest in such of them as sent back tales of engaging horror from distant fields. She gave a hundred dollars yearly to him whose recital had moved her most. But when sudden sharp illness laid her low, she called for her will, made ten years before, held it in the candle-flame till it was all consumed, then said to the minister and the doctor, who stood one either side, amazed at her action:

"Now I can die easy. My head is clear, though I am in the face of death. Sarah is to have everything—remember that. The law gives it to her—and it is my will. I think she is in no danger of wasting it—now."

That was three years back—when the cedar-bush, for all her coaxing, was barely half so high as her heart. It had grown unaccountably since. Now the tip was far above her head. The branches, too, had spread and burgeoned till she could hide behind them. They were full of berries, for the first time—dainty rounds dusted thickly with a blue-purple bloom. All through the time of drought Miss Pettigrew had watered it. Now that she was mistress over many things, it seemed that she clung more than ever to what had been her sole possession.

Molly had got hardly her own length up-hill when she snorted and shied violently, then stood still, trembling all over. Miss Pettigrew did not wonder at it—all the road had filled suddenly with black children, laughing, shouting, leaping one over the other; two or three were barefoot, in spite of the cold; of the rest, at least half wore shoes with yawning gaps in side or heel. The black hands, too, showed an ashy hue. The wind whipped and tore their thin garments, yet every face was full of jollity untold.

Two of the tallest lads had axes over the shoulder. They walked ahead, the rest tumbling after. Straight across the road they marched, scrambled up the other bank, and on to the gnarly cedar. There they stopped short, ostentatiously threw their ragged jackets down at its foot, then darted toward the fine young bush, and laid ax to its root.

"Say! What are you doin'? What do you mean?" Miss Pettigrew called, her voice as thin and sharp as the biting wind.

"Nothin', Miss Sairey; us ain't doin' nothin' 't all but gittin' de Chrismus-tree fer de festibal at de school-'ouse," one of the lads answered, respectfully. The other laughed half-sheepishly. A girl behind him said, with a touch of asperity, as became a pupil in grammar:

"We have asked commission for what we are doing. This is Mr. Martin's land—he said we might have the tree and welcome, but we would have to be extrinsically early, or the white school-children would get it ahead of us."

"Humph! It's a shame!" Miss Pettigrew said; then, with a cluck to Molly, "Go 'long, old girl! The sooner we get this over, the sooner we will get home."

A wild shout, a little swish, made her turn her head. The cedar lay prone on earth. Next minute a rope was fast about the lower limbs, and all the laughing rabble dragging it up-hill to the school-house. "Dear me! I wish there was no Christmas," Miss Pettigrew said, looking after them. "It's sinful, truly, the way those poor fools waste time and money over it. There's Mose, my wagoner, he's got twenty dollars in his pocket now. He won't have one when he comes home, nor a thing that will do his wife an' children any real service. But they'll have candy roosters, and china dogs, and silk handkerchiefs on the tree! Oh yes!—and firecrackers to keep me awake all night. I 'most wish I hadn't paid him cash for makin' those rails—it might have gone on account—he owes me heap more than that. But how can you blame a poor nigger for doin' as he sees white folks do? The whole world here, it seems to me, goes crazy the first of December, and does not come to its senses until after the first of January."

There was certainly Christmas in the air—the air that was so crisply bitter. Though the huddling clouds gathered in such close flocks that great patches of sunshine fell on the face of earth, there was nowhere any hint of thawing. Even upon the south side of the ruts you found no trace of moist softness. Notwithstanding the road was thick with passers, the town, when Miss Pettigrew came to it, was fairly jammed with those who had come to sell and buy. She had aimed to be early enough to miss the greatest crush. Instead, she found herself in the thick of it—so let and hindered that perforce she stayed in it for hours.

All manner of things that go on wheels or hoofs made a slow, swirling stream through the main street. Men, women, children, of all complexions, packed the narrow sidewalks, or crowded within the rainbow shops. They were full of joy, of expectance—expectance sometimes so eager that it reached the height of pain. And sometimes, too,

there came one with an ache of longing in his eyes, as they gazed upon the happy bargaining about, the while he was clinching empty hands in pockets emptier still. But these footballs of fortune were few. If hardly one in the throng could spend without taking thought of coming to the bottom of his purse, the most had some small sum wherewith to meet and dignify the holiday.

Watching them, mingling with them, a curious hostility fell on Miss Pettigrew. Her head went up, her nostrils took on the wide curve of combat. A slender, blue-eyed young woman, in a sunbonnet and big plaid shawl, came and stood at her elbow, her brows puckered in a doubtful frown. She had some bits of silver in her open palm.

"Oh dear! I just don't know what to do!" she said, appealingly. "It's so hard to fill four stockin's when you haven't got but a dollar to spend! Luckily, we've got plenty of apples, and I shall have a box of candy from the grocer; but Lulu, my little girl, wants a wax doll so bad—she will cry, sure, if she don't get it—an' Tommy has been prayin'—actually prayin'—for 'Jack the Giant-Killer'; and then Baby would look so sweet with one of those wooly baa-lambs, an' Teddy has been good a whole month tryin' to get Kris Kringle to bring him a knife with four blades. If I could just get them all, I wouldn't ask a thing for myself; but with the drouth, and all that, I can't think about it. Tell me, please, what you would do if you were in my place?" turning upon Miss Pettigrew the full light of her blue eyes.

"I don't know—I never bother with Christmas foolishness!" Miss Pettigrew said, moving away. The young woman looked after her, then spoke rapidly, in a whisper, to her husband, who had just come up with both hands full of small, suspiciously shaped parcels. He laughed a little, then said aloud, with a half-shrug:

"Oh, never mind what she said. She's an old maid, selfish as a witch—stingy, too, I reckon. No wonder she keeps her money, though—it's all she's got to care for."

He had not meant Miss Pettigrew to hear, but just then a lull in the flooding noises let the words come to her ear. A slow red crept up under her wrinkles. Otherwise she gave no sign that she had heard. The storekeeper just then caught sight of her. He had served the Pettigrews for years, so felt privileged to jest a bit. His hands were full of tinsel and little bells and candy canes—all the garish ornaments of Santa Claus shrubbery.

"You're just in time to see I don't cheat you, Miss Sarah!" he called to Miss Pettigrew. "It's well you ordered in time, though—you'd got left if you hadn't. Never saw such a time for Christmas tricks since I was born."

"I want ten yards of bombazine, the very best you have—blue-black," Miss Pettigrew said, stiffly, as though she had not heard him. The man's face fell.

"I hope you ain't mad at my joke," he said, anxiously. "It was all in fun. Christmas comes but once a year, you know."

"Yes—luckily!" Miss Pettigrew said, fingering the stuff he had flung down in front of her with more than her usual deliberation. Before she had made an end of choosing, black Moses was at her elbow.

"I did gut unloaded at las', Miss Sairey!" he said, thrusting a paper into her hand. "Dar de receipt. De man he say dem hawgs weigh scan'lous heavy—us mus' er fed dee 'bout five times er day. He say ter tell you de money be waitin' fer you at de bank time you gits dar, so I come ter ax you—ef—ef dees anything you wants taken back in de wagin."

"And if I won't give you a little more money to waste, eh?" Miss Pettigrew said, reading aright his confusion.

Moses looked at his feet. "Dee is so many er dem chilluns," he murmured, apologetically. "I des think—maybe—you mought not min'—an' de ole lady she gut her min' sot on habin' dey scrumptious fer de Chris'mus-tree—an' I wants her ter look lek she's er credit ter me an' de place—"

"Oh, of course!" Miss Pettigrew said, with another sniff. "You want to spend your money now—and borrow mine next year to make your crop. How much will do you?"

"Well, 'um, dest erbout fi' dollars mo'," Moses said, eagerly, trying to look properly rebuked, and grinning in spite of the effort. Miss Pettigrew held out a bill.

"There is ten," she said, then hurried away, murmuring to herself, too low for other hearing, "I'll give him that—him and the young ones. I never did make a Christmas gift before—I want to know how it feels."

The bank building was crowded, but every man there gave back for her—the one woman come thither upon business, at such a time. She taxed nobody's courteous patience, though. Inside five minutes she had made her collection, deposited the money with some more which appeared mysteriously as she went up to the window, balanced her book, and was away. Curious eyes followed her, but of that she took no thought. She went out along the street wrapt in an impatient daze. She wanted to be out of it all—away from the vexing jollity in which she had no part. With long steps she hurried through the streets toward a fine big house set fair in its own yard.

There were urns and a fountain in the nipped sward. Pines and spruces held up green arms defying the cold. At one end you caught a flame of color and crystal that proclaimed a crowded greenhouse in full flower. Miss Pettigrew went in at the front gate—she would not have demeaned herself to any other—but turned her steps to the side entrance, which gave directly into the sitting-room. Some one in the bay window was smiling and beckoning to her. Before she could knock, the door flew wide, and she felt herself gently dragged within, as a happy voice said:

"Oh, you dear Miss Sarah! you have got to sit here and thaw, while I finish my work. We are not having dinner to-day, but you shall have the best we can give you. Oh! such a time as I have had this morning, persuading those three youngsters of mine, and their papa, that it was not really too cold for them to go and spend the day with grandma. We began to work like Turks as soon as they were safe away—Aunt Milly, Beck, and I. See! isn't our tree pretty?—and all home-made, too—paper flowers, pink horns, red candy-bags, gilt paper chains, and everything!"

"It looks nice," Miss Pettigrew admitted, keeping her feet, in spite of the other's gentle insistence. "I am just from the bank," she went on; "there's a mistake—I had to have it set right before I went home."

"Oh! How stupid! I am so sorry! What did I forget?" the other said, a pretty blush coming into her face. "I hope you don't think I meant to cheat you, Miss Sarah. Hereafter I shall get Arthur to look over my figures."

"You needn't—the figures are all right enough—the wrong is, you've charged yourself about two prices for what I've sent you in the last two months. I feel hurt over it, I do! Because the drought has set other folks to extortionin', that is no reason at all that Sarah Pettigrew should be thought willin' to do it! I'm sure you know, Mrs. Macklen, I want my just dues, but I don't think you ought to make me out a regular skinflint," Miss Pettigrew said. "I leave rise and fall to the hucksters," she went on; "they live by such—I don't. No more did Aunt Sarah. I'd be ashamed to face her at the judgment seat, with her knowin' I had let myself down to such a little thing as that."

With the last word she thrust some bills and loose silver in front of the younger woman. "There's what's over, takin' out a just price," she said. "I'll send things just as usual, but, remember, at last winter's price. Whoever heard of fresh eggs at fifty cents a dozen?"

"Most people are glad enough to hear of them at any price—Christmas as it is," Mrs. Macklen said. "Miss Sarah, I beg your pardon for my mistake, but, do you know, I think you are the dearest old humbug! I'm sure you knew I wanted some extra money very, very badly, and are playing fairly godmother in just this fashion. This is your Christmas gift to me; believe me, it shall help to make some other people as happy as you have made me."

"It's your own," Miss Pettigrew said, her hand on the door-knob. "I s'pose you think because I won't be paid every little whip-stitch for what I happen to send you, it's because I love money so well I want to get it in big lumps."

Don't talk to me about Christmas, though—I'm sick of the sound of it. I sha'n't feel like I can draw an easy breath till the whole disturbance is over."

As she shot through the door Mrs. Macklen looked after her with a smile that had pity under the mirth of it. "Poor Miss Pettigrew!" she said, half aloud. "I wonder if she can mean even half of what she says?"

The homeward route was a holiday nightmare to Miss Pettigrew. Molly, fresh from stall, and full-fed, went over the road at almost a run. She had no load at all for her strong, willing muscles—besides, the nipping air set her wild. As they whirled past comers and goers, Miss Pettigrew did not turn her head. It was all such mockery—this seeing and hearing the Christmas whirl, wherein she had neither part nor lot. Moses lagged behind. Indeed, it was unlikely he would be home before midnight. Once Miss Pettigrew had opened her mouth to bid him make haste with her team, but unaccountably she had found her words stayed. Dimly, afar off, she had got a sense of what the day meant in the black man's simple life. It was heaven to him to stand jostling with the elbowing throng, at gossip with folk unseen since last year. The splendor of the streets, too, made up all he knew of spectacle, to say nothing of the dear joy of making up his mind as to what he should take away with him. She would let him have his fill of it. He was in the main a faithful fellow; though she paid scrupulously for all rendered service, she felt somehow as if she owed him this day of delight.

Notwithstanding Molly's friskiness, dusk was falling as she got home. The house stood square and solid, dark all along its front. Yet, as the door opened, warm red lights streamed through. Glorious fires were alight in each of the two big front rooms.

"I took and made Little Mose put you on back-lawgs in bofe dem fierplaces," a slim black woman said, adding with a mellow laugh, "'Pear lek to me ev'eybody ought to hab Chrismus fier. I done made dem chillun tote wood an' chips all day, an' put um dar on de peazzer ter las' you all de week. 'Oon't be no gittin' nobody ter do nuffin' but feed stock fer de res' er dis year—an' I not gwine hab you pickin' up chips fer yo'sef, lek you wa'n't de borned lady you is."

"I am obliged to you, Charlotte," Miss Pettigrew said, wearily. She kept up still toward the black people the punctilious courtesy that in youth she had been taught to show them as slaves. "Let me have supper at once—then you may go home. You need not come back before New Year. I'll do myself the little that needs to be done."

"Maybe I better come in de mornin'!" Charlotte said, tentatively, though her eyes shone at the prospect of release. She was Miss Pettigrew's cook, but lived a half-mile away. It was enlargement indeed to know that for a full week she could go or stay at her own vagrant will.

When she was safely away, Miss Pettigrew sat down in front of the leaping fire, put her locked hands back of her head, and looked into its glowing depths. The day had shaken her. Mysteriously, its encounters had brought to life memories and aches and longings that she had thought safely buried. Against the fire's red background she saw herself, a slender child, slipping into joyless girlhood, on into austere young womanhood. Lover or friend she had none. One day was like another, save that sometimes the sun shone, sometimes the clouds gathered. Once in a great while she had gone with her aunt to church, or in a greater while to visit briefly some elderly neighbor. The first Sarah Pettigrew had read her Bible regularly, yet maintained toward her kind, and all manner of organized religion, an attitude of distant friendliness.

Save by the force of strenuous example, she had constrained her niece in nothing. It was solely her own sensitive impulse which had whipped the girl into copying as nearly as she might her elder's subtle hardness. The younger Sarah was by nature finely malleable. In the fires of conscience she tempered herself to be that which she thought most nearly approached the desire of the one who sheltered her.

Yet there came a time—she was thirty, at the age when normal women begin to dream of a reblossoming in their

children—when love came to her, love which reason, judgment, even conscience, forbade. Allan Ware, her lover, was a handsome, reckless fellow, given to carousals that made all her world eye him askance. That would have mattered nothing to the woman who loved him, had she felt that she belonged wholly to herself. The passion of sacrifice inherent in late-come love possessed her so fully that she counted her own weal as naught. But there was her aunt, her father's clouded memory! Had she the right to set a further blur upon the Pettigrew name! So there were years of probation, of broken promises, of waning hope that at last died utterly. Aunt Sarah looked on, saying no word yea or nay. Therein she was truly wise. It wanted but the weight of detraction to have turned the wavering balance in Allan Ware's behalf.

"I am done with it all. I never want to see you again," Sarah had said to him at last. He had waylaid her at the spring, beseeching passionately that she would again put on the ring she had sent back to him. When he broke into fierce oaths, she left him, going slowly and with high head up the wooded hillside to the house. Then it was she espied the tiny cedar-bush. With her bare hands she took it up, keeping light earth about the root, bore it home, and set it fair to view, the green and vital sign-manual of the faith pledged to herself. What wonder it had grown slowly at first! She remembered—ah! how well!—the pain, like a knife in the heart, with which she had sent back letter after letter unread.

After a time he left her in peace. She heard of him in only the vaguest impersonal fashion, until word came that he was dead, and had died a hero, nursing, caring for, comforting, the plague-stricken in a Southern fever town. Nothing, indeed, in his life became him like the leaving it. Sarah Pettigrew's soul rose up in thanksgiving that at last its idol had proved himself not wholly clay. Now she could stand clear-eyed, unshamed, before her conscience, saying to it, "This was truly the man I loved. The real Allan Ware died that other men might live."

A tumbling brand broke up Miss Pettigrew's musing. She got up and stirred the fire to ruddier flame. The clock was striking nine. It was an hour to bedtime. She would go into the other room, where still her aunt's great cushioned chair sat in its accustomed corner. Nothing had been changed since her time. The tall clock stood just where she had ordered. The brass candlesticks sat mathematically a-row above the fireplace, with black paper profiles of the elder Pettigrews looking funereally down upon their radiance. Ridiculous tall tongs and a pert, knobby shovel huddled in one jamb, as though in mind to leap the fender and scuttle away to the lean black secretary that stood high at one side.

The corner cupboard, which balanced it, was full of egg-shell china and old Pettigrew silver. Here or there it caught the tricky light and flashed it back, a point of radiance. Gay-flowered Windsor chairs sat primly against the wall; there was a claw-foot mahogany table, polished like a mirror, in the middle of the room. A round, dark candle-stand between the two south windows held the big leather-bound family Bible, wherein the Pettigrew generations were duly set down.

How dear and familiar it all was in the dancing fire-light! Miss Pettigrew sat down in the great chair, murmuring to herself: "At least I have peace and comfort. I oughtn't to ask more. 'An old maid, with nothin' to care for'—that is what they say of me, is it? Well! I sha'n't ever be beholden to anybody. I have got a home, and nobody to molest or make me afraid. I reckon I can stand alone the rest of the time I have to stay in this world."

Notwithstanding, there was a new ache at her heart. It was desolate indeed to know one's self a cipher in the human sum. She let her head fall against the chair's high back, and began to speculate vaguely as to what the rest of her life must be. For long she sat motionless. By and by her eyelids dropped, the tense hands loosed their clasp and fell softly one over the other. She was asleep, yet in sleep seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

It was the wildest phantasy. All the day came back in the most distraught fashion. Moses was a highwayman,

demanding, not money, but that she give him the key of the bank vault. Mrs. Macklen scowled at her, and told her that she would have no such unsavory things as had come from the Pettigrew farm; the blue-eyed woman said piteously that her neighbor chilled her heart, so that she could not choose properly; men in the bank leered and crushed her rudely aside, clutching her hands when she made to reach the cashier's window; the storekeeper mocked her with bridal finery, laughing aloud when she pushed it away; then she was home again, cold, inexpressibly weary, to find the mob of black children dragging away her cedar-bush, as she had seen them that morning drag away its twin. When she shrieked a protest, they laughed tauntingly. "'Tain't doin' you no good," they said. "Us wants it. Chrismus comes but once a year!"

With a great start she awoke to find her eyes streaming. "My cedar-bush! My cedar-bush! It is all I have!" she had been moaning in the dream. With a little stifled cry she ran to the window, drew the shade, and flung up the sash. A starveling vine straggled over the upper half of it. Something stirred in it as she opened the window. Before she could put out her head, a bird, blinded by the light, and quivering piteously, had fluttered to her feet.

She took it up with a half-shiver. "The negroes say a bird flyin' at night this way is a soul astray, and wantin' comfort," she said. "Or else, a messenger to call you home within the year. I wonder if—but, dear me! this poor thing wants comfort. It must be starvin'—there ain't a thing in its craw. How light it is, too—light as a handful of feathers. Poor little creatures! I reckon all of them are hungry, now it has turned so cold. There is my cedar-bush, all right, in spite of the dream. I wonder if there are not other birds, as hungry as this one, asleep in it to-night! I'll give them a breakfast in the morning. The question is, now, what shall I do with this poor pretty one?"

The bird gave a weak, frightened chirp, then lay passive in her hand. Holding it tenderly, she drew some cotton-wool from a drawer, then emptied her wicker work-basket, and put bird and filament within. Softly closing the lid, she set it on top of the secretary, then flung a shawl about her head, went outside, and put her ear within the branches of her beloved bush.

It was as she thought. Sleepy twitters came to her; there was the noise of faint huddling upon almost every bough. In the bitter night the winged rangers had sought the thickest possible cover. The vine matted against a south-looking wall was full of them as well.

"We are sparrows on a housetop—me an' the birds," Miss Pettigrew said, as she went again within. Then she put on her working gown, lighted a stable-lantern, and for two hours went mysteriously to and fro.

Yet she awoke early enough to see the clear, cold Christmas dawn make visible something to warm the heart. The birds had a Christmas-tree whose like was never seen. Miss Pettigrew had hung her cedar-bush with yards and yards of red pepper from her garret's plenteous stores. She had bound upon it, too, sheaves of oats, fat heads of millet, and mats of rich pea-straw. Ruddy apples gleamed here and there in the green. Brushes of seedy broom-corn waved high toward the top. There were festoons of popcorn, too, such as she had seen upon Mrs. Macklen's tree. A shallow box amid the lower branches held wheat and field peas. Corn in the ear dangled from some of the stouter boughs. It was miraculous how it had all been done without frightening away the winged wayfarers.

The bird in the basket set up an eager chirping. He was a belated mocker, whom the mildness had beguiled into lingering. Miss Pettigrew set the basket upon the outer sill and lifted the lid. With a quick, glad sweep of wings he flew into the tree of plenty, where already his mate was pecking and rustling amid the pea-straw. A red-bird tugged valiantly at pepper that matched his scarlet coat. Two blue jays fluttered about an ear of corn. Wren and snowbird and chickadee darted in and out of the laden greenery. A woodpecker left off tapping the roof

to dash at one of the pendent apples and bury his sharp bill in its frozen sweetness.

Miss Pettigrew watched it all through eyes that were dim. At last she turned from it, murmuring very low:

"If—if Allan sent you to me, little bird, go back an' tell him I have found out what Christmas means—an' I won't be long away from him."



The Other Side of the Picture

By Mary Willis

He was a workingman; a foreigner by birth, but thoroughly an American in spirit. He represented the best type of citizen. Hard-working, ambitious in the highest sense, tender-hearted, domestic from love of home, not from mere habit, sense of duty, or lack of inner desire for outside temptations; he was a man in all that the word means. He worked fourteen or sixteen hours a day. He was an upholsterer, and did odd jobs about the house; he had a tiny little shop.

This morning he came in with face aglow with health of mind and body. His wife was quite as attractive as he was, and, naturally, some inquiries were made about her and the children. This always opened the flood-gates of this man's eloquence.

"I wish you go see my wife; it is not far, shust round the corner most. She would be glad to see you. I wish life was not shust like it is. It is good, but not shust like it should be. Now you takes dose womens like my wife. She had dem four chiluns, she does all dose work for dem. She help me. She make a mattress-tick yesterday, and she sew for me dis morning already. Now you know what, it don' leave her much time. Now what comes? she shust sits at home and works and works, and gets tired. Nobody comes to see her, and dot parlor she gets not swept, nor kept like what it should be. Now I say," he added, hurriedly, "I think she work hard, harder as I wish her to work," and his honest eyes grew humid. "But when a woman work always, and there come no person to see her for sympathy, she find no cause like for keeping fixed up.

"There is plenty of dot visiting done; the poor is visited, but it is to ask questions, to see why those children not in de Sunday-school. The church missionary she comes; she is paid to do dat." There was a long pause, a piercing, questioning look in his eyes, and then, like a man who had the courage to plunge where he recognized a danger, he said, slowly, "Yes, she comes quite often, because the ladies of the church not do it themselves. You think we care for that? No; not at all. It mean nothing to my wife. She care not for dat. When a lady like you come, who is not paid, who comes because she want to see my wife, because she care for her, den she care much. When we work, work, work, and no pleasant face come to make us sit in that parlor, why should we try to keep it in order, or ourselves dressed up? That missionary or folks dat come because the church sends them, they come to that kitchen door. The children open it, and they see every-thing at once—my wife she not fixed, and to once she not care."

By this time he was leaning forward, his soul in his face, the intensity of his attitude showing the depth of his feeling. He was pleading the cause of his class.

"Such men like me do not want charity. I care not how hard I work while dat fambly is protected and comfortable. Der smiles of dat fambly make me rich. I want for dem dat dey should have ladies like you to come, and make it seem worth while to keep dot parlor swept. Wifes like mine work hard; dey must, and it is no wonder dat they let go what makes no difference. Charity is wrong. I have no right to give where I have no love. Let me keep back what is easiest to give until I have given love. Then, when I have given love, I may give things, for I will know how."

The listener sat back, knowing she had learned her Christmas lesson.

Christmas-tide

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

That many of our festival customs are survivals of those connected with the classic superstitions all the world knows. The earlier teachers of Christianity, finding that certain celebrations and forms of rejoicing had taken deep root in the constitution of society and the feelings of the people, endeavored to purify and adapt them to the uses of the Christian world. Most conspicuous among these was the festival of the Nativity.

The celebration of "the return of the sun," which at the winter solstice began gradually to regain its power, was observed with rejoicings in many lands.

The Roman Saturnalia fell at about this time, and was honored by curious privileges and celebrated with universal mirth and unbounded license. The wild revelry of the Saturnalia was supposed to have reference to the happy state of freedom and equality of the golden age of Saturn, whenever that chimerical era existed.

In northern Europe a celebration in honor of the god Thor was held at this season, and called "Yule" or "Iol," which name our Saxon ancestors retained, and made "Yule-tide" synonymous with Christmas.

Scott tells of the savage Dane who, "at Iol, in the low-ceiled hall" decorated with shields and axes, feasted his pirate crew upon the half-dressed steer, while the scalds yelled in praise of the joys of fighting, and the meeting ended in a wild dance.

The formal institution of Christmas began in the second century, though the event was doubtless commemorated among the earliest Christians.

Bishop Liberius preached the first Christmas sermon at Rome in 342. In England, with the introduction of Christianity, the Nativity was celebrated with yearly increasing splendor by its kings in a spirit of joyous festivity, and the example of the court was followed by the petty barons, whose revelries were in turn imitated by the people at large. "The light of a common festival shone upon palace and cottage." Once a year the poor had their glimpse of plenty, and every household gathered about its Yule-log, hung its bit of mistletoe over the door, and passed the wassail-bowl around its board. Immediately after the church services of the day the country gentleman of old stood at his own gate and distributed alms to the aged and destitute, and his tenants and retainers were feasted in the great hall with the good things of the season. The sports and festivities were under the protection of the lord of the soil, and all his dependents had a claim upon his hospitality. The celebration lasted twelve days—the time supposed to have been consumed in the journey of the three Wise Men to Bethlehem. Amusement was brought within reach of the people, and the laboring classes were granted unusual privileges by enactment, and even encouraged to enjoy themselves in ways generally prohibited to their class by the guardians of order. Even in the midst of the horrors of war Christmas mercies were not forgotten. During the siege of Rouen by Henry V., that city being in great extremities from hunger, the king ceased from hostilities on Christmas Day and gave food to his famishing enemies.

In 1625 there was an order of Parliament prohibiting the observance of Christmas Day, and in 1644 it was decreed that the day should be kept as a fast. The Puritans thought that temporal rejoicing threatened to take the place of spiritual thanksgiving; but, as a recent writer says, "When the Church refused to use her pleasant nets, Satan stole them and made them snares." Christmas merriment offered the golden mean between asceticism on the one hand and license on the other, and "Father Christmas was let in by the back door"—as the saying was at the time—to many a fireside.

There are many curious pictures of ancient manners preserved for us in connection with Christmas observances. A common sight was old "Father Christmas riding a goat and accompanied by a rollicking train, who would visit in turn the houses of peer and peasant and there hold noisy court"—an ancient form of the "surprise party."

An entertainment that shows the rudeness of the times of the "good Queen Bess" was a fox-hunt indoors. "A huntsman came into the hall with a fox and a cat, both tied to the end of a staff, and with them as many as twenty hounds. The animals were then loosed, and the fox and cat were set upon by the hounds and soon dispatched. After which the guests betook themselves to table."

The Master of the Revels was a Court officer who planned the entertainments of royalty, and it was doubtless to the genius (?) of such a functionary that the scene just described was due; but, later, every large gathering would choose among its own members a Master of the Revels, Lord of Misrule, or Abbot of Unreason, as he was variously called. Sometimes he was provided with a body-guard, dressed in gaudy colors, with gold lace, bells, and mock jewels.

About the twelfth century the clergy introduced miracle-plays, some of them beginning with the Creation and finishing with Dives in hell and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, which gave grand opportunities for pyrotechnic effects.

But it was above all at table that Christmas mirth and merriment culminated. As a well-known author says, "Man's gastronomic capacity must have been enlarged for the occasion, as the energies expand to meet great emergencies." We read of feasts where sixteen courses of meat were served. Boar's head, capons, geese, turkeys, brawn, plum pudding, minced pies—it almost satisfies the appetite to read of such plenty.

The boar's head was the "*pièce de résistance*." It was suggested that its appropriateness to Christmas festivities was a kind of anti-Judaical test, because the Jews could not eat it. Soused and garnished with sprigs of sweet-scented herbs, it was carried into the dining-hall by the Master of the Revels, and followed by choristers singing in its honor. The bearer of the boar's head was so honorable an office that Henry II. bore it to the table of his son, to do honor to the young prince, preceded by trumpeters. Special carols were written for it.

The bore's head, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in this lande.
Loke, where ever it be founde,
Servite cum cantico.

Brawn was another Christmas dish of great antiquity. "Brawn, mustard, and malmsey" was Queen Elizabeth's favorite breakfast. Sandys says that the French, at the capture by them of Calais, found a large quantity of it, and tried in vain every way of preparing it. "Its merits being at last discovered, 'Ha!' said the monk, 'what a delightful fish!' and added it to his fast-day viands. The Jew, again, could not believe it procured from that unclean animal, the hog, and included it in his list of clean animals."

Swans were standard dishes formerly at great houses at Christmas. Chaucer speaks of "a fat swan roasted."

Plum pudding and mince pies always made part of the Christmas feast. The former was anciently called "hackin," from the word "to hack, to chop." Hone defines it as "a large sort of sausage, made of mince-meat, seasoned well with sugar and spices." Tradition said that it must be boiled at daybreak, or else "two young men must take the maiden [the cook] by the arms, and run her around the market place, to punish her for her laziness."

Mince pies at first were called "shred pies," and were made in an oblong form, to represent the manger. As a prominent concomitant of Christmas festivities the pies fell under Puritan condemnation, and it was, therefore, considered even a test of loyalty by the Cavaliers to eat them. John Bunyan, during his imprisonment, is said to have refused to partake of this delectable compound, even when distressed for a comfortable meal. At first mutton was the only meat that entered into their composition, in allusion to the flocks watched on the holy night by the shepherds of Bethlehem. The spices were supposed to commemorate the wise men from the Orient—the land of spices.

Such heavy eating was accompanied by potations equally

powerful. The wassail-bowl formed part of every Christmas entertainment. The word is derived from "was-haile," which was the ancient phrase among the Saxons for pledging one another—"haile" meaning health.

The original wassail-bowl was the skull of an enemy—that grim wine-cup being in favor with the early Saxons. Its contents were wine, spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples floating on its surface; but, as Leigh Hunt says, "it is a good-natured bowl, accommodating itself to the means of all classes," and is often made of ale with nutmeg, ginger, sugar, toast, and crab-apples roasted. It should be stirred with a sprig of rosemary.

The practice of decorating the churches, houses, and even the shops and markets with branches and wreaths of evergreen, holly, box, rosemary, ivy, laurel, bay, mistletoe, and "whatever the yeare afforded to be greene" existed from the earliest days, in spite of the Puritan protest against "such heathen abominations."

The holly was held sacred because tradition says that Christ's crown was made of holly. When the briars touched his brow they softened into pointed leaves, and the berries, which had been white before, were dyed scarlet with his blood.

It was the custom among the young folks to throw branches and sprigs of laurel upon the Christmas fire, and, by the curling and crackling of the leaves, to presage good or evil fortune. This Christmas fire was made of the famous Yule-log, which was frequently the root of a large tree, introduced into the house with great ceremony, and left in "ponderous majesty" on the kitchen floor until each had sung his Yule or Christmas carol standing on its center. "Yule" means a festival or holy-day. "Gwyl" in Welsh has the same signification.

A branch of mistletoe was usually suspended over the doorway or from the ceiling in the middle of the room. The Druids held the mistletoe sacred, and the chief priest, clad all in white, cut it from the oak with a golden sickle. The Christians accepted it as a symbol of the Trinity, because its berries grow in clusters of three. A piece hung around the neck was considered a safeguard against witches as late as the seventeenth century. Sandys says: "In modern times it has a tendency to lead us toward witches of a more attractive nature, for, as is well known, if you can by favor or cunning induce a fair one to come under the mistletoe, you are entitled to a salute." The maid that was not caught and kissed under it would not be married within the year—so the tradition goes. Brand says that the ceremony was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off with each kiss and presented to the maiden for good luck, and Washington Irving tells us that "when all the berries are plucked, the privilege ceases." Music and singing are the natural accompaniments of seasons of rejoicing, and the Christmas carols expressed religious fervor in joyous strains. The word carol comes from "cantare," to sing, and "rola," an interjection of joy. A writer of the sixteenth century says, "He is taken by a song, that will flye a sermon." In England it is still the custom for bands of choristers called "waits" to go about on Christmas Eve and sing carols.

In France in the Middle Ages people seemed to see nothing incongruous in their priests prefacing their sermons by crowing like cocks, in memory of St. Peter, or braying to recall the ass of Balaam.

In Berlin, at Christmas, the streets are lined with fir-trees. The royal square is filled with booths made of evergreen boughs, containing toys and all manner of gewgaws for sale. They are lighted with myriads of wax tapers, and, as a recent writer tells us, they look, with their kaleidoscopic ornaments, "like huge Christmas-trees."

In many of the principal churches of Italy a corner is set apart at Christmas-time in which, amid some rude rock-work, intended to represent the cave or stable at Bethlehem, wax or papier-maché figures of the Holy Child and its mother are to be seen—and often ignorantly worshiped by the less enlightened. The central figure is called the "bambino," which is the Italian for "baby."

In England the "waits" do the serenading. They are the degenerate descendants of those ancient bards who

either formed part of the establishment of the great nobles, or wandered from place to place, to tournament or festival. It was the duty of the chief member of the band of minstrels in royal or noble houses to go from door to door at night and tell the watches upon some musical instrument. He was called a "wayte"—probably a corruption of "watch"—and the street watchman of later days was his successor.

The "mummers" that are still seen in the country in England are the relics of the old mystery plays. Scott, in his notes to "Marmion," speaks of having taken part in one of these plays with his companions, entitled "St. George and the Dragon," in which St. Peter carries the keys, and Judas the contribution-bag. Harvey says that so unfamiliar were the actors with history that they introduced General Wolfe, and even the Duke of Wellington, as an antagonist to St. George.

We hear of "Christmas boxes" in England. These are now no longer boxes full of gifts, but any present is distinguished by the old name which is given at this season. They pass only from the rich to the poor, and from master to dependent, and are not reciprocal in their distribution.

It is still the practice in London, and in some other parts of England, for tradesmen, servants, and pensioners of all kinds, any who have any claim, from the parish beadle to the dustman, to ring the bell, and wish the master and mistress all happiness and a merry Christmas, presenting them with a copy of printed doggerel which they call verses.

In some parts of rural England the old superstitious belief that the oxen kneel in their stalls on Christmas Eve in adoration of the Nativity is still held. It is said that, on this night only of all the year, the quivering aspen has rest. "For eighteen centuries her leaves have shivered with the guilty consciousness that she furnished the wood for the cross of Christ. On Christmas Eve she rests, remembering that she also furnished the wood for the Redeemer's cradle."

For one hour on Christmas Eve the lost spirits have rest. Judas sleeps, Herod ceases to clank his chain, the daughter of Herodias may pause in the dance in which she is condemned to spin forever, and Pontius Pilate's ghost ceases its wanderings on Mount Pilatus. At midnight the animals are endued with the power of speech. The sounds of church-bells will be heard wherever a church has stood, though no trace be left. If you lie in a manger, you will see your future.

From the earliest times it seems to have been an accompaniment of festival seasons to exchange gifts and make donations to the poor. In the Book of Esther the Jews are commanded to "make them days of feasting and joy, and of sending of portions to one another, and of gifts to the poor."

In Germany there is a legend that when Eve plucked the fatal apple, immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle-points, and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen in all seasons, preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love-gifts—the curse is changed to a blessing by the coming of the Christ-child—and we have our Christmas-tree.

St. Nicholas or Santa Claus was a saint of the fourth century, of fabulous beneficence and goodness. He loved children, and was therefore adopted as the patron saint of school-boys. His was a genial and kindly nature, and a beautiful exception to the asceticism of his age.

The example of the entrance of the good saint into modern homes was set him by Hertha, a Norse goddess. At the festival held in her honor the houses were decked with evergreens, and an altar of stones set up at the end of the hall where the family assembled. Hence, from Hertha's stones, the word "hearthstone." Upon these stones were piled fir-branches which were set on fire, and through the dense smoke made by the green wood the goddess was supposed to descend and influence the direction of the flames from which the fortunes of those present were predicted.

A School-house Christmas

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author



Trimming the School-house Tree

IN the town the folks have their Christmas at the church. It is the dull season of the farm year, and where there are so many people and so much unoccupied talent lying around loose, they can get up very grand affairs. But, however dazzling these entertainments in the church vestry are, I doubt if they ever attain the charm and naturalness of the humbler festivities in the school-houses of the outlying hamlets. The school-house speakers and actors are so sure to be interesting and individual in their manner that you readily forget a possible artificiality of subject. They do things with more style in the larger places, but in their celebrations the attractive individuality that glows in the school-house performance is very apt to get smoothed out into mannerism.

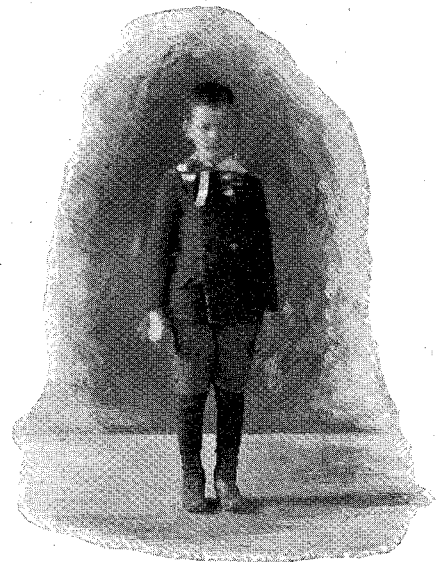
The scholars of the school itself furnish the backbone of these village entertainments. They each have a piece to speak; some of them are in a dialogue; and they come out on the floor several times, all together, and stand in rows with the teacher, to sing such songs as they have learned. They depend a great deal on their teacher; for she picks out their pieces, drills them, and when they stand before the audience she is behind the curtain ready to prompt when they forget the words.

In addition to what the children do, there is a scattering of tableaux, declamations, and songs from the

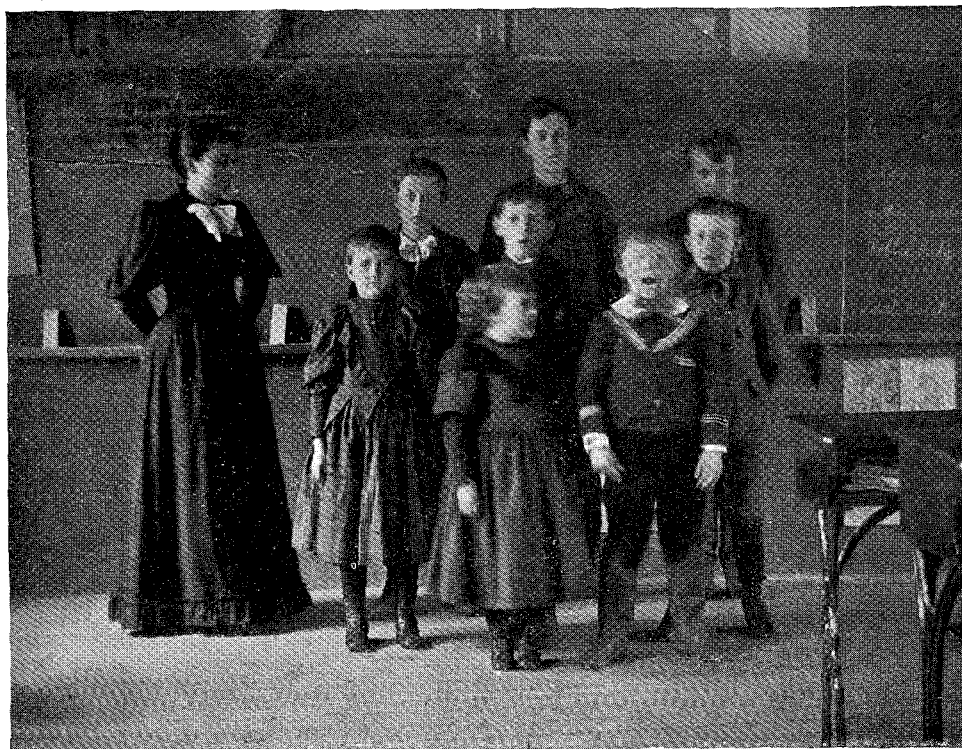
grown-up young people of the village, and at the close of the exercises the Christmas-tree is unloaded and a lunch is served.

The school-house is such a pocket of a place that there is no spare elbow-room when audience and actors are present. A narrow space at one end is curtained off for a stage, and a few square feet extra are occupied by the Christmas-tree and an organ brought in from one of the neighbors'. The rest of the floor, including the aisles between the desks, is packed with chairs borrowed at the nearer homes.

Space limitations and the difficulty of managing a lot of children, full of excitement over the glory of the occasion, make it unwise to attempt any very elaborate things. Nearly everything that is to be found in the dialogue line has to be ruled out on this account. Most that has been published is not only too elaborate, but is not suited to the place either in matter or manner. What is needed is something short, that requires few actors, unless for tableau effects, and that has a homely picturesqueness of expression and of situations that shall be pleasant and natural from the country child's point of view. This does not make it any the worse for acting elsewhere,

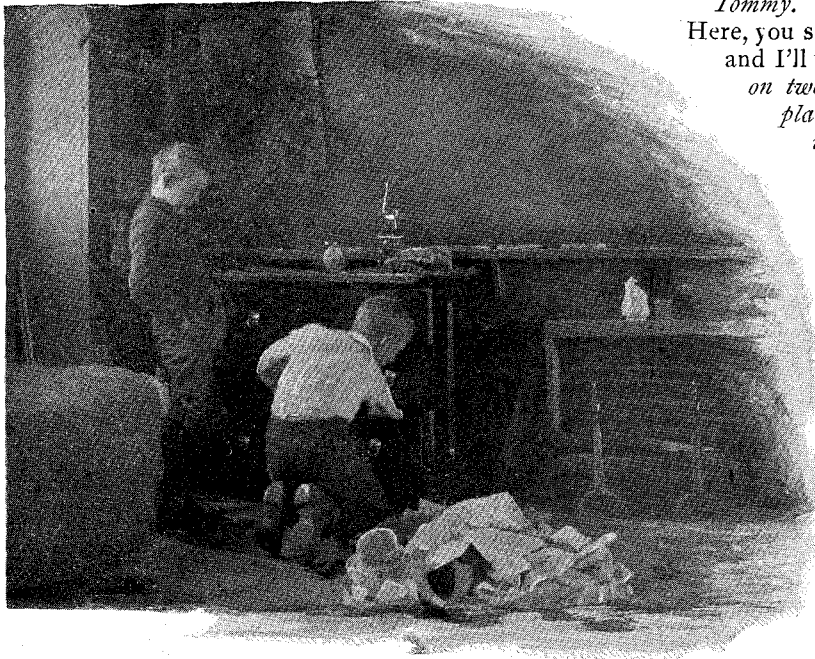


One of the Boys Speaks a Piece



The School Sings a Song

and, in contrast to other things, may even add to its interest. I have tried to make the dialogue that follows fulfill the conditions I have named. It was written for just such an



Hunting for Stockings

occasion as has been described, and has already been successfully acted in a New England country school-house.

Christmas Night: A Dialogue

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS.

TOMMY, } brothers; the first seven and the second nine
FREDDY, } years old.

Scene: A bedroom. Furniture necessary: a bed, bureau, lamp, clock, and a chair or two.

Tommy. (*Pawing out the contents of the bureau drawer.*) Well, I don't see where ma put those stockings. No, they ain't here.

Freddy. We'll have to make the old ones do, then. I dun'no what Santa Claus'll think of us for hanging up such old things. See there, now! (*Runs his arm into the long stocking, and his fingers come out sprawling through a hole at the other end.*)

Tommy. The presents'll all run through and tumble out at the bottom. Here, you stop that, Freddy; you're makin' the hole bigger.

Freddy. We'll have to tie up that hole to make it any good. Got any string, Tommy?

Tommy. I guess so. (*Pulls a lot of things out of his pockets and puts them on the bureau.*) Yes, there's some. Now you hold the stocking and I'll tie it up.

Freddy. (*As they do the tying.*) See here, Tommy, what do you say to stayin' awake and ketchin' old Santa Claus at it?

Tommy. I don't believe we could do it. He don't come till twelve o'clock, and we'd get to sleep 'fore then, if we was to do the best we knew how.

Freddy. I tell you how we can fix it. There's the

alarm clock. Just set that for twelve, and that'll bring our eyes open in no time. We'll turn the light down and go to bed with our clothes on, and be all ready to pop out on him, you know.

Tommy. Good for you, Freddy! That's just the thing. Here, you stick up the stockings and pin the signs on 'em, and I'll wind the old alarm. (*Freddy hangs the stockings on two nails over the fireplace and pins to them two placards on which the boys have printed their names in large letters. Tommy winds the alarm.*)

Freddy. (*As they take off their shoes.*) But, Tommy, see here; what are we going to do with Santa Claus when we ketch him?

Tommy. That's so. I hadn't thought of that. We'll have to make some kind of an excuse, 'cause he might get mad.

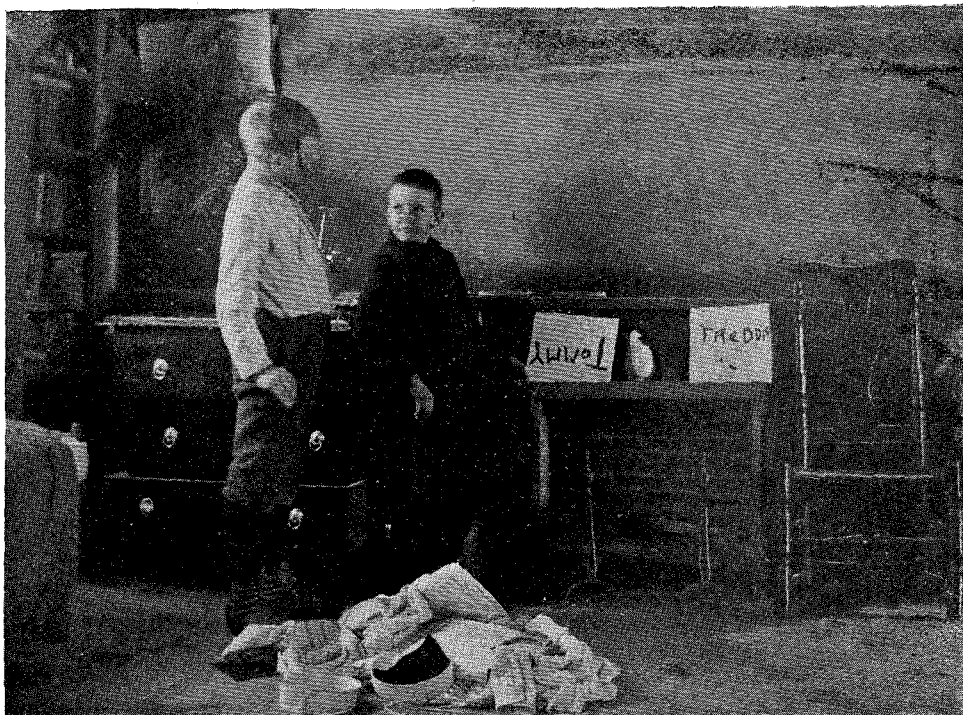
Freddy. I have it! We just want to find out if there really is a Santa Claus. We'll tell him what Sammy Tompkins said, and he'll say we did just right.

Tommy. That's so, I guess he will. Well, turn down the lamp, and then we'll turn in. Now let's see who'll snore first. (*Both fall to imitating snoring, and they laugh a little, and kick about, and quiet into sleep.*)

Santa Claus. (*Comes in softly. If it can be arranged so that he can come down the chimney and out at an open fireplace, so much the better.*) All right. Everything quiet. Well, well! stockings all labeled.

That's thoughtful. Don't need my spectacles to read this lettering! (*Puts down his sack and from it fills the stockings. Just as he has done, the alarm goes off. This can be arranged to come in properly by having some one behind the curtain to set off a clock at the right moment.*)

Santa Claus. (*Tumbles, in great alarm, to the floor.*) Great St. Peter's cats! what was that? In all the ten thousand years, more or less, that I've traveled up and down this old world, I've never heard anything like that. Must have been a new invention, or an earthquake. (*Looks about fearfully.*)



Getting Things Ready for Santa Claus

(*The moment the alarm went off, the boys sat upright in bed and peered over toward the fireplace.*)

Tommy. (*In a whisper.*) That's him!

Freddy. (*In a whisper.*) Yes, that's him!

Tommy. (*In a whisper.*) He acts kind o' scared.

Freddy. (*In a whisper.*) Now's our time, then.

Both Boys. (*They jump across the floor and grab Santa Claus by the shoulders.*) There, now, we've got you!

Santa Claus. Don't, don't, now! Hold on, hold on!

Tommy. Yes, we'll hold on! We've got you!

Santa Claus. (*Getting up.*) Well, now, what are you boys after, anyway? What was that noise I heard?

Freddy. (*Boys hang on to Santa's hands.*) Oh, that was nothin'. Just one of these little alarm clocks to wake you up by.

Santa Claus. Oh, was that all? I thought the earth had cracked and was goin' to pieces. But what's got into you boys to come pitchin' onto me in the way you did?

Tommy. Well, we just wanted to know if there was a Santa Claus or not, that's all. Sammy Tompkins said there warn't. But we knew there was.

Santa Claus. Of course there is. Don't you see all those things I've put in your stockings, and don't you see that tree all loaded? Well, boys, I can't stop any longer. (*Shakes hands.*) I wish you a merry Christmas (*turns toward the company*), and I wish you all a merry Christmas.

[Curtain]



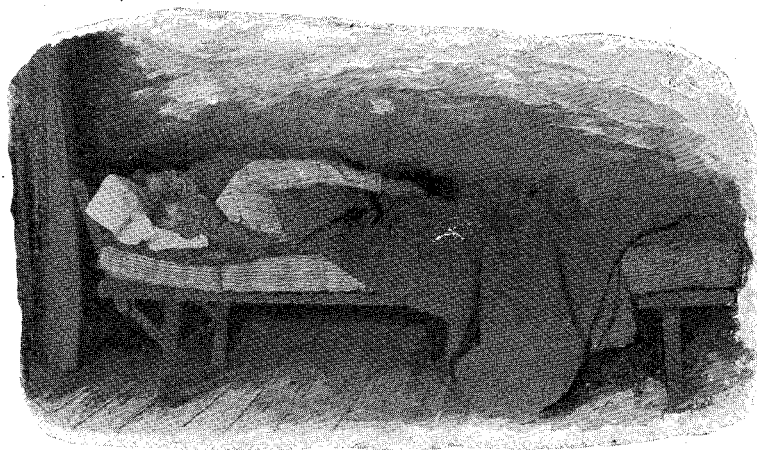
Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south, let the long
quarrel cease:

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus, the heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun.

—From Whittier's "A Christmas Carmen."



"I Wish You All a Merry Christmas"



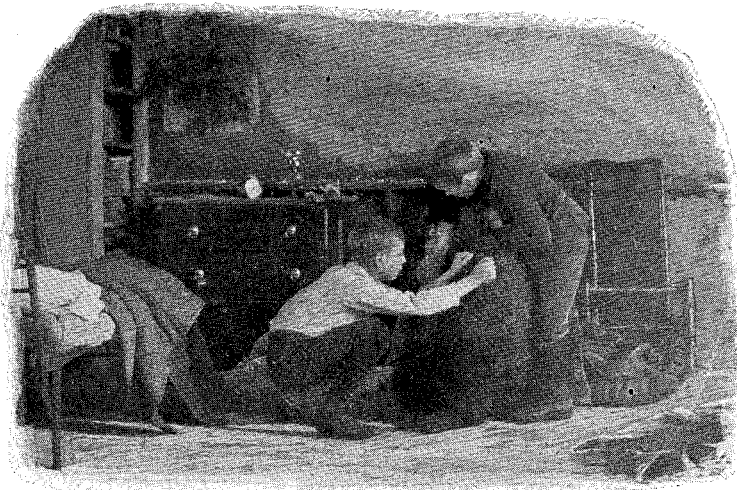
Asleep

The Buried Chimes of Christmas

By Edith M. Thomas

A Legend I've read of
a buried town,
Under the wild hills
folded down,
Hidden alike the cot
and hall,
Hidden the spire of
the minster tall;
Yet, oft as the morn
of Christmas
breaks,

From the sunken belfry music wakes.
Through the snowy dells
It ebbs or swells—
This voice of the buried Christmas bells.



Santa Claus is Caught

Is the legend true? O, question not,
But seek its proof in the human lot:
Deep in the heart—as each heart doth know—
Is a buried village, called Long Ago;

And never the Christmas tide rolls
round
But chimes peal forth from under-
ground.
Ye chimes so dear,
Ring clear, bring near
The Christmas joys of each vanished
year!

Now there's a stir of life below
In this secret village of Long Ago;
Here laughter of children and hasten-
ing feet,
There silver locks in the ingle-seat,
And youth and maiden, and—won-
drous show!—
Ourselves as we moved in the Long
Ago.
Chime, sweetly chime,
Ye bells of the prime;
Bring us the buried Christmas time!
—From "In Sunshine Land."¹

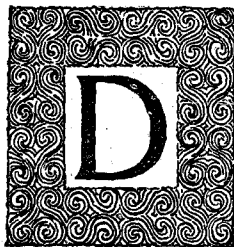


¹Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Nativity

As Interpreted by the English Pre-Raphaelites

By Elbert F. Baldwin



DIDEROT tells the story of a painter who, whenever he began work on a new subject, always went down upon his knees and prayed to be delivered from the model. This was the motive of that revolt or revival in English art called pre-Raphaelitism. The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. Yet those revolvers and revivalists by no means did away with the letter; by it they reached the spirit and thus attained highest ideality by purest realism.

One evening, at the house of Sir John Millais, a company of friends, quite accidentally, began looking at a folio of engravings, in which were some of the Pisan Campo Santo. The suggestiveness, sympathy, and spirituality of the frescoes adorning that famous place impressed them as never before. Ruskin's prophetic words were still sounding in their ears. "Most pictures," says the great critic, "of the Dutch school, for instance, excepting always those of Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt, are ostentatious exhibitions of the artist's power of speech, the clear and vigorous elocution of useless and senseless words; while the early efforts of Cimabue and Giotto are the burning messages of prophecy delivered by the stammering lips of infants. It must be the part of the judicious critic carefully to distinguish what is language and what is thought, and to rank and praise pictures chiefly for the latter, considering the former as a totally inferior excellence. The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed."

Especially in religious art, this crystallized union had been so far realized rather in the imperfect success of early Italian masters in expressing their reverent thought than in the smoother tongue of later artists, telling, however, of shallower religious devotion. Up to this time the Raphael age had been regarded as the finality of art; from this time art's touchstone was seen to be, after all, not so much in that age as in the one immediately preceding. Despite the perfection of technical excellence, thought is of more importance

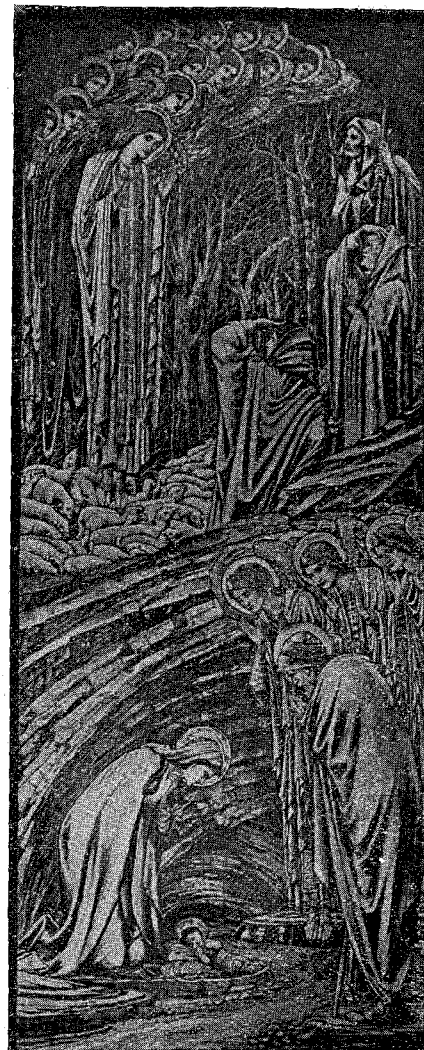
than language, matter than manner. The impossibility of improving upon Raphael's genius had led to a relaxation of effort in the succeeding centuries, but the soul's queries as to the great realities and mysteries of birth and death, of love and pain, had gone on the same, however unexpressed in art. It seems strange to us that the painters

of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries should have deliberately turned their backs upon the sublime religious conceptions which moved early artists to immortal if imperfect works, and should have found their employment only in the delineation of "senseless words," of the trivial and the commonplace if not the actually vulgar. No wonder that art had become a fashion, not a mission, a fad instead of a worship. Thought seemed to have vanished from the canvases, yet its spirit was striving eternally with the flesh. Finally the effort to give forth that which would not down (though rococo-work be piled on never so high) forced a brave band of brothers to turn to the witness of the pre-Raphaelite age.

It was in 1848, that memorable year of revolutions, when the bloodless revolt against existing ideals of art and ethics broke out in England—a revolt against the predominance of the physical. Why should it always smother the spiritual? Nay, more, why should not the greatest force be employed to express that sphere beyond the reach of physical sensation, realized hitherto only in the Gothic age? Therefore, in this common and glorious purpose, and under a distinctive name, "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" came into being.

The first members consisted of Dante Gabriel and William Michael Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, Thomas Woolner, F. G. Stephens, and James Collinson; and in 1849 the first private view of pictures by the English pre-Raphaelites was held. The initials "P. R. B." were monogrammed after the names of the painters. It is with Dante Rossetti's contribution, "The Girlhood of Mary," that we have most to do, forming as it does an introduction to some slight consideration of the Nativity as expressed by the English pre-Raphaelites.

This picture excited at first only ridicule from the general public. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness could not have appeared more



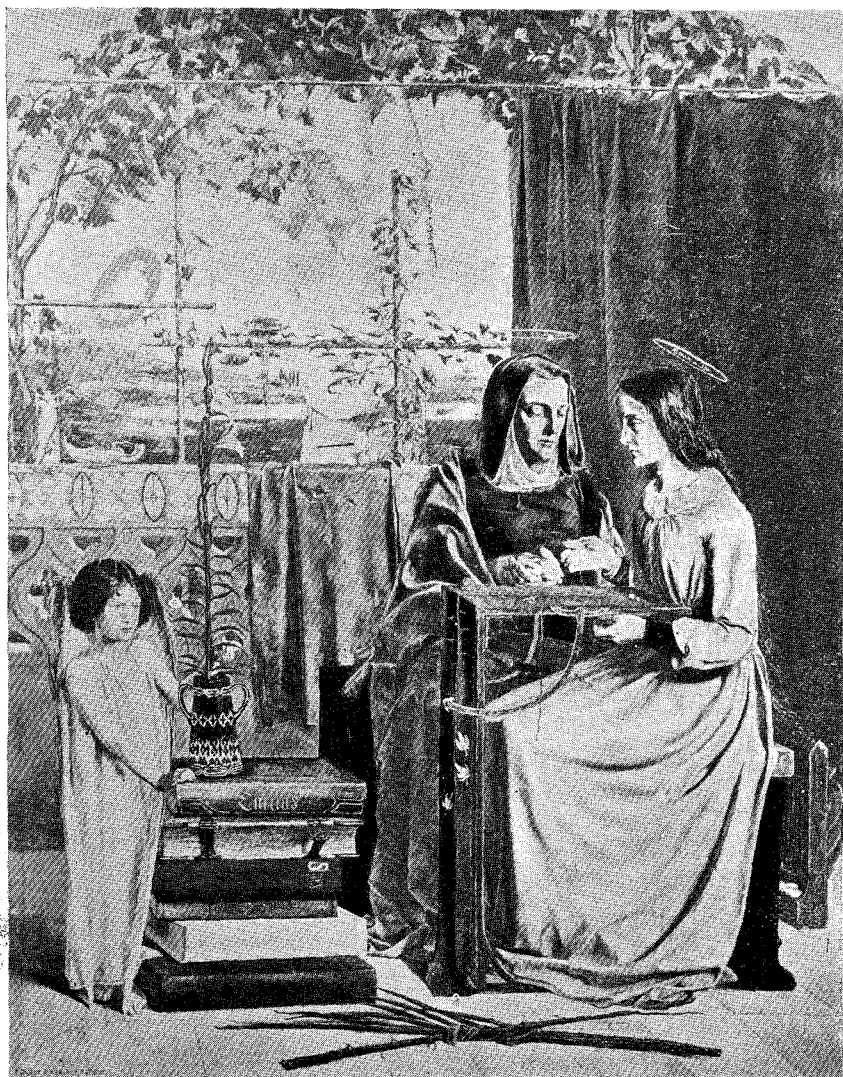
Dante Rossetti. "The Nativity"



Burne-Jones. Study for Babe, from "The Star of Bethlehem"



Burne-Jones. Head of Gabriel, from "The Annunciation "



Dante Rossetti. "The Girlhood of Mary"

austere and more out of line with his time than did this weird presentation of a sacred subject to the British mind—a mind never naturally artistic, but always requiring some prophet like Ruskin to tell it what to like and what not to like. When we compare the contemptuous words of the critics forty years ago with their rapturous superlatives thirty years later over pictures by the same artist, and which embodied the same ideals, we hardly know whether to be amused or to be angry. Yet it was not so strange that a composition like the "Girlhood of Mary," thoroughly subversive of everything eighteenth-century-like, should have roused the risibilities and the ridicule of Londoners. They could not understand the austerity of Mary's face, they had so long been accustomed to nothing but cloying sweetness in such representations. They could not understand how the lovely child-angel should be as substantial on the canvas as the soberly clad virgin. It may even have seemed strange to them that St. Joachim should be pruning the vine outside, significant of that Vine which must hereafter suffer "the chastisement of our peace." They could understand, however, that the lily whose white blossoms Mary was copying was the symbol of her purity, and they could read in the title of the uppermost of the pile of books the name of the chief of virtues. It was clear, too, that the brier was seven-thorned, the palm-branch seven-leaved, that the scroll with them was inscribed "Tot dolores tot gaudia," and that the dove brooding among the branches was the symbol of the Holy Spirit. These were but symbols, after all, and of course we forget them as we regard the subject itself so subtly sublimated. St. Joachim bears the face of an old family servant, St. Anna that of Mrs. Rossetti *mère*, and Mary that of Dante Rossetti's sister Christina. But in the study of the picture one thinks not of these things. The imaginative genius of him who dared to por-

tray the mystic girlhood of the Mother of Christ is upon us with its highest charm. We feel the remoteness and quiet of that country home. We are thrilled by the sight of a commonplace scene, its simple realism takes possession of us, and through it we see the invisible and the divine. Such impressions, however, were not felt by the critics of 1849, who condemned the picture, now as an instrument of Popery, at least of Tractarianism, now as the prostitution of sacred art to mere rationalism, and now as sensual paganism, a last remnant of the Renaissance! Indeed, so late as 1857 one clerical critic sought to prove the essential atheism of all pre-Raphaelite work.

The next year Millais exhibited his great picture, "Christ in the House of his Parents," the realism of which was offensive to many who had hitherto worshiped an artificial Christ. Dante Rossetti's great Annunciation, called "Ecce Ancilla Domini," received hardly less opposition, but Holman Hunt's religious contribution escaped more happily. The "Ecce Ancilla Domini" now hangs in the National Gallery, London, and a reproduction of it, made for us through the courtesy of Messrs. Keppel & Co. from an etching, may be seen on our cover. In the cut all of the exquisite color of the original is, unfortunately, lost, but, standing in fancy before the painting, we see at once that it is very early in the morning: there is the expiring night-lamp, and there the faint dawn through the casement. Aureate flames are bursting beneath the feet of the "Strong Son of God" as he appears before the just-awakening and half-rising Mary. She does not see him, however; her eyes have the fixity of those who still dream.

Is it not strange that no one before Rossetti had thought to represent this idea? All of the other "Annunciations" came to Marys prepared and adorned, as it were, to receive them. What more natural and probable than that such tidings came in a dream? Rossetti's dream has now conquered the world, and the picture has imaged itself upon that world with the right and might of genius.

In later years the same subject was treated by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the most eminent of Rossetti's disciples. Sir Edward and William Morris were both Exeter College men at Oxford. The former was studying for the Church, but, on becoming acquainted with Rossetti, changed his course. Yet who shall say that his service has not been as religious and as potent in his present field? Sir Edward's "Annunciation" shows to us his ideal of Gabriel as a sexless angel, and in the accompanying illustration we see a clever combination of traits now masculine, now feminine. The angel sways above and to one side of an arch, at the base of which stands Mary looking upward. Like the other pre-Raphaelites, Sir Edward's ideal has ever been to show woman apart from the notion of potential motherhood. Yet he, and all of them, have left behind such a conception of the Nativity as has done much to affect subsequent delineations. His first composition on this subject is called "The Star of Bethlehem," and the original water-color now hangs in his native Birmingham. The picture was executed afterwards in tapestry by his friend Mr. William Morris, for their Alma Mater at Oxford. We show herewith a copy of the original study for the Babe, reproduced from Mr. Malcolm Bell's "Sir Edward Burne-Jones," published by Macmillan & Co.

Burne-Jones's "Nativity," of which we give an imperfect illustration, is a noble picture in the original. Overhanging rocks form a cave, which shelters the swaddled

figure of the Infant, upon whom Joseph and Mary are gazing. Above the cave's roof some shepherds are starting up, and shade their eyes as they see the radiant Gabriel standing over their flocks. Beyond stretch a dark wood and a dark sky, typifying the gloom of the world which Christ came to break. Another "Nativity" of Sir Edward's is a double picture, and was painted for the Church at Torquay. From opposite paths two angels come out of a forest, leading a King and a Shepherd. The paths unite in front, showing the union of Jew with Gentile. The second scene represents the Nativity itself. Under the shelter of rushes hung between two silver-stemmed birches lies Mary, clasping her new-born babe. The realism of this treatment of our great subject has never been surpassed. Thus not only the chief of the pre-Raphaelite school broke away from the vapid conventionalism of previous ages; his ardent disciple did so none the less, and followed with absolute fidelity that mediævo-religious manner adopted directly from the early Italian masters, though each picture was expressive of entire originality.

Those works from the elder pre-Raphaelites which have to do with the Nativity are Holman Hunt's "The Flight into Egypt" and Rossetti's "Bethlehem Gate," "The

Passover in the Holy Family," and "The Infant Christ adored by a Shepherd and a King"—a triptych for the altarpiece for Llandaff Cathedral. Few portrayals of Nativity-scenes are more remarkable than these, and it is a matter of regret that we cannot present illustrations of them. In most portrayals of this great subject the idea of earth is insistently present. The pre-Raphaelites, however, believed in no mystical hysterics, but they did believe that the spiritual world should assert its own authority in visible form. To them the reality of the latter world was genuine because they had a childlike openness of mind to truth. Their very reason-of-being was that earthly joys were transient, external things, insufficient, and that the spiritual world was ever immanent in the physical. A brooding sense of the mystery of all things lies across their every endeavor; but the mystery of doubt is transfigured into the mystery of faith. The childlikeness to which reference has been made was their highest maturity. Thus we understand how not only the earlier pre-Raphaelites, but the later ones, such as Watts and Burne-Jones and William Morris, have so emphasized the world which is unseen but eternal.

A word may be added as to the influence of the pre-Raphaelites upon their contemporaries out of England. The fusion of classic Hellenism with the latter romantic mysticism had affected not only the men mentioned, but also such noble writers and poets as Maurice, Kingsley, George Eliot, Browning, and Tennyson. From Britain it influenced the painters and the poets of the Continent. In France we discover not only the Barbizon school, with kindred ideals in humanitarian subjects; we find also men like Bastien-Lepage, whose masterly "Joan of Arc" adorns the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and Dagnan-Bouveret (an illustration of whose Madonna we give herewith), charged with the most subtle and tender pre-Raphaelite feeling. In Germany it is Carl Müller who is an exponent on the side of the ideal, and Fritz von Uhde on that of realism, while in Italy we find Barabino and in Russia Verestchagin realizing for us these two elements.

It is true that pre-Raphaelitism brought into art a sadness, a perplexity, an awe, not before known. It is none the less true, however, that it has inspired an idealism, a reality of the unseen, a reverent mysticism, which could still be united with a robust intellectuality. Thought again speaks through language. This ethical triumph over the artificial in art is nowhere more telling than in the portrayals of the Nativity. Not alone is God humanized: man is deified because Christ has come.



The Night Before Christmas

A Story for the Young Folks

By Margaret Newcomb

I have always said that unselfishness was the noblest thing on earth. And when should one be unselfish if not the night before Christmas? But, really, the trouble with my two boys, Jack and Augustus, was this: they were *too* unselfish. If alike in that one way, they were different in every other respect: Jack was humdrum and practical, while Augustus was always skylarking off from every-day affairs.

One sat on an empty packing-box, and the other on the planing-table, in the old workshop. The candle sputtered between them.

Said Gus: "Now, Jack, we ought to go."

"I know it. There isn't a minute to lose."

"Well, what do you say?"

"I say we give up the pudding-dish. *That's* what I say."

"But the Cupid ain't any fun for you, old fellow," persisted Gus. "Anybody'd know you would not buy Cupids! They ain't in your line. Now are they?"

"But you liked it ever so much," said Jack. "I know by the way you kept dodging in there. Look here, Gus, did you hear what that girl said about you?"

"What girl?"

"Why, the one tendin' the Cupids. I couldn't catch onto



Dagnan-Bouveret. "Madonna"

it all, but 'twas something about sticking-plaster, and I said to her, 'My brother has as good right here as you have. You're too cross to be keeping angels, anyway.'"

"My, but we daren't go back! That settles it. We'd better get the pudding-dish, Jack. If you heard mother say she wanted a pudding-dish, that settles it."

"But you said she was tired of the parlor with nothing in it," argued Jack.

"She never said so right out, but that time Mrs. Grey looked 'round so, mother blushed, and when Mrs. Grey said, 'Such a dear little room! You won't have place for knickknacks,' mother said, 'You know we haven't many.'"

"That settles it. We oughter buy the Cupid," said the good Jack.

"But let's toss up. That's fair, anyway. Heads, the Cupid. Tails, the pudding-dish."

Jack tossed the penny, but you see it came down on the edge of the candlestick, tails; and then rolled over, heads.

"How would you count that? It's yours," cried Jack.

"No, that's no fair. Try again."

As the two heads bent over the penny, the clock struck eight. The boys sprang to their feet. "Tails, and the pudding-dish! Hurry up, Jack, it's eight o'clock. We've got all those bundles to tie yet." So saying, Gus blew out the candle, and went whistling forth most bravely out of the workshop door. It was a freezing cold night. Just the night to usher in Christmas, and skating, and double-rippers. Not that my boys expected a double-ripper. There had been a board at the carpenter's shop exceedingly fitted for such a purpose, but it was far too costly a board.

Now you would have thought that the whole of Compton had gone mad, such a squeeze of distracted persons was jamming about on its principal thoroughfare. If that man yonder intends to buy a sugar elephant, let him be calm about it. Nor is it best to shatter the nervous system over a glass paper-weight. I have a suspicion that boys actually enjoy throwing themselves into a *mêlée* such as that on Compton Street the night before Christmas. It is all of a piece with going down the rapids in a leaky boat, or hanging on to a precipice by tooth and nail, which things, as every one knows, the boys find exceedingly pleasant. Gus took a good grip on Jack's comforter, and the latter sailed ahead in fine style. Half-way down the street they ran foul of a big man carrying a glass globe. This was no time for manners, and the big man collared Jack and sliced him neatly up against a cold window-pane.

"Another o' ye!" said he, and he did the same for Gus, then shoved off down street.

Jack was preparing for a new plunge, when his brother's ardent gaze in the window attracted his attention. He looked. Behold, it was the store of the Cupids! They were whiter and more dazzling than ever under the electric light.

"My, Gus, you did want that Cupid for mother!" said Jack.

"Oh, no, it's all right. I say, Jack, wouldn't it have been jolly if we'd had enough money to buy both!"

"Never mind the pudding-dish, Gus. I say it isn't half so fancy nor anything—just used for eating!"

Gus's blue eyes grew thoughtful. "Anyway, it had a pink vine on the edge," said he, then took another look at the Cupid. "Come on, Jack; we're getting stuck again."

This was true in two senses of the word. Not only was their decision weakened by the sight of the Cupid, but also there was no room for advance on the pavement.

"Would you?" said Jack.

"Would what?"

"Get the—er pudding dish?"

"Yees—er—"

"Fellers! Hi-yi there! Wait half a jiffy, Gus."

A shrill-voiced boy in enormous galoshes gamboled over the toes of pedestrians, and whacked himself against the window-pane. His eyes was starting out of his head. He was scant of breath, and his red mittens waved frantically at the aforesaid window. "Yer oughter see! Been in here?"

"Some," said Gus, disdainfully.

"Well! Seen the china dogs, sorto' pink?"

Gus decidedly looked him down, but Jack was more

benevolent. "We've seen about everything in there, Coney. We're not buying anything small, you see. We are clubbing together for mother's present."

"Mother! seen that cup with Mother on, fer drinkin' tea? It's got gold angels goin' round the top."

"What's that?" said Gus. My boys looked at one another.

"Haven't yer seen that? Yer oughter. *Do* come in. If yer going to buy, they'll let us stay. A lot of us fellers was turned out this afternoon."

"Gus," said Jack, "I declare I want to see that cup. If mother had a cup of her own every night—my—I should like that! Let's go in."

"They'll turn us out," said Gus.

"No, they won't," said Coney, the irrepressible. "Show 'em your money. How much yer got?"

He bundled in behind Jack and Gus, and soon the three pairs of eyes were fixed upon the teacup. You will feel for my boys; at least you will if you have ever engaged in Christmas shopping. The teacup pleased them, and that's a fact. It was the idea of the thing that pleased Jack; as for Gus, he was fascinated by the teacup itself. "The teacup, the teacup, naught but the teacup," so said his shining eyes as they encountered Jack's.

"Walk on, boys, walk on, walk on," said the floor-walker.

"We're buyin'," said Coney, and he pointed with an air of ownership to the teacup and its lovers. He himself had not a red cent, nor is it always those with money who extract the most rapture out of Christmas.

"How much, sir?" asked Jack. The price named took their breath away. It was only half the price of the Cupid, half that of the pudding-dish. Now what to do? "Is it too dear, then?" said Coney.

"Tain't enough."

"Not enough! Je-ru-sa-lem! Why don't yer buy *two* things?" The excitable Coney dodged from under the floor-walker and pointed the red mitten down the store. "Down here's the pink dogs," he yelled, beside himself. I am sorry to say he was put out, but it was not the first time that day; and I hope, besides, that this mishap brought to his mind home, and a certain pillow whereon he might lay that curly head and dream of the pink dogs he could not buy.

"Gus, why couldn't we buy two things, after all? Get something for the parlor, and have the teacup too?"

Gus nodded his head. They had struck it at last. But which of them should give the teacup?

"You give for the parlor, Gus, because you like fancy things, and I'll give the teacup," said Jack.

"Yees—er." Gus was holding the teacup in both his hands. But he now set it down, determined to let his brother buy it. Seeing him do this, the floor-walker lost patience. "Walk on, walk on! We've had about enough of boys for this year."

They did walk on, and in their confusion they brought up before the very pink dogs that Coney liked so much. Gus could but laugh at the way one of those dogs held his tail. "It's real comical," said he. "But then the tea—"

"Gus, you liked the teacup."

"You liked it yourself."

"But didn't you?"

"I—er, yees—er."

"There you be!" said an incisive voice. It was that of the girl who had called Gus sticking-plaster—she who sold Cupids. Jack had a mind to stand up to her. Yes, even if his brother did run away. How absurd of Gus to squint so at the dish-towels across the store! As if he cared for dish-towels!

"We're here and going to buy," said Jack to the girl.

"I want to know!" said she. An incredulous look was in her eyes.

Jack held up the largest of the pink dogs. "I tell you I am going to buy this dog." And he did. "Now Gus can have the teacup," thought he, and, with the parcel under his arm and relief in his spirit, he went in search of his brother.

Gus's fear of the Cupid girl led him to a close survey of the dish-towels, and after that he developed an interest

in bibs for infants, since these lay behind a tower of dish-towels too solid for the piercing eye of the Cupid girl to penetrate. Too solid for Jack's eyes also, and thus Jack happened on the wrong turn and missed Gus. They met in the workshop, later, poor children, and what do you think they found out then? Each of them had bought a pink dog.

You see, it flashed upon Gus that he was very mean to want the teacup. It was his part to buy for the parlor shelf, and do it he would. I know, besides, his pride must have been hurt by the unbelief of that Cupid girl. His spirit revolted at her cynicism, and he went and looked her in the face and bought the dog.

Now, as I said, unselfishness multiplied by *too* is ticklish work. But do not understand that I dislike pink dogs, for I like them much. Having one of them on each side of the mantel-shelf gives me the completest feeling.

There is another thing to tell. Jack and Gus had a new double-ripper on Christmas morning.



Books and Authors

Pfleiderer's Philosophy of Religion¹

This work is disappointing to us. It is disappointing because it attempts again to do what has often been attempted, and always with resultant failure. That is, to eliminate the supernatural from Christianity and preserve Christianity. As an attempt, it is not so fresh, so original, so interesting, as the analogous attempt of William Mackintosh in "The Natural History of the Christian Religion," noticed in these columns last winter. We can have entire intellectual respect for the man who denies the supernatural in Christianity, provided he also denies the claims which Christianity makes for itself. But we cannot reconcile the denial of one and the affirmation of the other. The Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is, in its claims, a series of revelations of a supersensuous world. The revelation is made by dreams, by visions, by angelic messengers, by ecstatic communications, by prophetic experiences, by the incarnation of the Son of God, by the indwelling of the Spirit of God in the followers of the Christ. If there is no such supersensuous world, if such revelations of it have never been made, the Bible is but a fairy tale—fascinating, possibly, but untrue; not merely untrue in minor matters of history, chronology, or philosophy; not merely untrue because its prophets saw in part and through a glass, darkly—that is, saw through their prejudices and their ignorances—but untrue in its vital and fundamental assumption that there is something to reveal and that there is a capacity in man to receive the revelation. We can understand the philosophy which regards Christianity as one of the illusions to which man has been from time to time subjected—an agreeable and even inspiring illusion, but none the less really illusive. And we can understand the faith which believes the Glad-Tidings of a God revealed as One helpful to all who desire help toward a better life. But we cannot understand a philosophy which proposes to banish the notion of a revelation as an illusion, and still keep the inspiration which that illusion has afforded to the world.

In some important details we are also disappointed in this work. We are rather surprised to find in it a revival of the mythical explanation of the Gospels. We supposed that Strauss was already laid on the shelf; that scholarship had generally agreed that the time which elapsed between the death of Christ and the composition of the Gospels was not sufficient for the growth of a myth; that rationalism had substituted the naturalistic for the mythical explanation of the miracles. We are surprised to see Dr. Pfleiderer making no account of Tatian's "Diatessaron," which we supposed had established the fact that the Fourth Gospel was written at least as early as the beginning of the second

century. We are not ignorant of the value of the contribution made to our understanding of the New Testament by Baur and the Tübingen school; but we are surprised to find all their processes accepted and their conclusions adopted by Dr. Pfleiderer, with little or no criticism or qualification. Dr. Pfleiderer's estimate of the teaching of Jesus Christ certainly adds nothing to the work of such prior interpreters as Weiss and Wendt, and appears to us far inferior in prophetic insight to that of Bruce. As an interpreter of Paul, Dr. Pfleiderer appears to us inferior to Matthew Arnold. He is compelled to recognize in that Apostle a mystical element; but, as the very essence of mysticism is belief in the supernatural, and the very essence of Dr. Pfleiderer's philosophy is that such a belief is illusory, we find it difficult to reconcile his apparent admiration for Paul's mysticism with his own view of Christianity and of life. We hesitate to say that his imputation of forensic theology to the Pharisees of the first century is an anachronism, but, in the absence of any authorities—and he cites none—we shall still continue to be of the opinion that this particular form of legalism was Roman rather than Hebraic, was imported into the Talmud from Gentile sources, so far as it is to be found in the Talmud at all, and has been wrought into Paul's theology by scholastics who borrowed it from Imperial Rome, not borrowed by Paul from rabbinical sources.

The first of these two volumes, which deals with the "Philosophy of Religion," is more valuable and suggestive than the second volume, which deals with the "Origin and Development of Christianity;" but it is not so valuable nor so suggestive as are the Gifford Lectures of last year on the same general theme, by Edward Caird.



The announcement that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a new story is always received with joy, not only by the world of young readers, but by that of old readers. There is life in her little people; they breathe and have souls. They are quaint, remarkable children, and yet every nursery has produced their prototypes. In that lies their charm. They are the every-day children at their remarkable moments: the boy we love when that which is hidden and unusual in him comes to the surface and reveals what we suspected. *Piccino* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), Mrs. Burnett's latest book, is the story of an Italian peasant baby who developed wonderful beauty and charm. So different was he from other children that strangers noticed him among his many companions, who were given soldi and cakes because they were with him. Alas! his beauty was his undoing. A rich woman saw him, and bought him, and took him from his dearest friend, the donkey, and from his nurse and caretaker, his sister Marie. Poor baby! the horror and terror of a bath, the hatred of the English food, the sense of insult and indignity inflicted because he must wear girls' clothes, when he had inherited, and shown with pride to his bosom friend, and worn among his fellows, his brother's tattered trousers, make a tragedy in the child's life that rouses the reader's sympathy, and makes him rejoice that it is a tragedy limited to two days. *Piccino* gives the title to the book, but there are three other stories, "The Captain's Youngest," "Little Betty's Kittie Tells Her Story," and "How Fauntleroy Occurred." It will be an open question in the minds of many older readers whether the story "The Captain's Youngest" should appear in a child's book. There are certain sad possibilities in life that fortunately are beyond the imagination and comprehension of a child until he reads the newspapers. Is it quite wise to raise the questions in a child's mind involved in the incident that caused the death of "The Captain's Youngest"? "Little Betty's Kittie Tells Her Story" is familiar to our readers, having appeared in *The Outlook* in September. "How Fauntleroy Occurred," the last story in the book, is a delicate, artistic, sympathetic piece of work. That heaven of child-life comes very near to every reader who looks backward to those days when the world was a delightful storehouse of wonders. To the children, the thousands who count Little Lord Fauntleroy a personal friend, "How Fauntleroy Occurred" will make this charming book-child more real, more familiar, more engaging, more than ever a child to be looked for in every journey with the possibility of finding him.

The Political Club. The annals of Kentucky are being gathered and published by the Filson Club, a historical association which takes its name from John Filson, Kentucky's first

¹ *Philosophy and Development of Religion: Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1894.* By Otto Pfleiderer, Professor of Theology, University of Berlin. In 2 Vols. G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.

historian and the writer who discovered to the large world across the seas the adventures of Daniel Boone, and secured for that worthy a greater and more widespread fame than any other American pioneer. The most recent publication of this Association is "The Political Club," by Thomas Speed, and the work throws most interesting side-lights upon the history of the settlement of the far-famed Blue Grass section. Kentucky, it will be remembered, was a part of Virginia, and in great measure settled by families from the Old Dominion, though there were others from Maryland and Pennsylvania. These people had gone to Kentucky, not because they felt crowded in their old homes nor because they were unsuccessful there, but rather to gratify an insatiable hunger for land—a hunger characteristic of the Elizabethan English, and inherited by the Virginians in an even more intense degree. These settlers were not, therefore, adventurers such as we usually find on new frontiers, but serious men of substance and of education such as was obtainable in this country a hundred years ago. When they reached Kentucky they very soon set up courts of law—for without courts of record there could be no security in land-titles—and began preparations for the establishment of a commonwealth. During the long delay in admitting this new State to the Union the people kept up their interest in public affairs, and, as Mr. Speed's narrative shows, the most prominent men in Kentucky were united in The Political Club, and at its meetings they discussed the National policies and decided them with the gravity of a regularly organized legislature. This was the school in which the men who a few years later made the constitution and laws for the new State and represented her in Congress were educated. The existence of this Club had been forgotten until Mr. Speed found the Club papers in the desk of his grandfather, the Club's Secretary. These debates show that the leading men of the State were not only shrewd, but intensely patriotic, and explain why it was that General Wilkinson could not carry out his scheme to make Kentucky a dependency of the Spanish crown. He reckoned on the discontent in Kentucky, where the people generally felt that they had been spurned by the Federal Government, but he did not take enough into account the feeling, which probably he himself did not understand, of patriotism and loyalty to the Government which very many of these pioneers had fought to establish. No adequate history of Kentucky has yet been written, but if The Filson Club issues many more publications as rich in material as this find of Mr. Speed, the writer who undertakes to complete the work that John Filson began will find that much arduous labor has been done for him.

Chinese Characteristics, by the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, twenty-two years a missionary of the American Board in China, has been admirably printed by the Fleming H. Revell Company (New York), in a second edition, revised and with illustrations. The chief charm of this book is its evident truthfulness, and its chief value is found in the fact that the Chinese question is now far more than a national one: it is international. Mr. Smith has included a vast amount of entertaining and instructive matter in his chapters on economy, industry, politeness, the disregard of time, the disregard of accuracy, the talent for misunderstanding, the talent for indirection, flexible inflexibility, intellectual turbidity, the absence of nerves, contempt for foreigners, the absence of public spirit, conservatism, indifference to comfort and convenience, physical vitality, patience and perseverance, content and cheerfulness, filial piety, benevolence, the absence of sympathy, social typhoons, mutual responsibility, mutual suspicion, the absence of sincerity, polytheism, pantheism, atheism, and the real condition of China. Under this last head we have many suggestive and impressive words from one who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Smith closes his volume with the following forceful phrase: "It is a truth, well stated by one of the leading exponents of modern philosophy, that there is no alchemy by which to get golden conduct from leaden instincts. What China needs is righteousness; and in order to attain it, it is absolutely necessary that she have a knowledge of God and a new conception of man, as well as of the relation of man to God. She needs a new life in every individual soul, in the family, and in society. The manifold needs of China we find to be a single imperative need. It will be met permanently, completely, only by Christian civilization."

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have just published two charming books of stories—*Jewish Tales*, translated from the French of Leopold von Sacher Masoch by Harriet Lieber Cohen, and *Tales from the Aegean*, by Demetrios Bikélas, translated by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke. The books are conveniently sized, artistically bound, and the typography is agreeable. In the tales of the first volume we find, not those modernized Hebrews of the Ghetto, of the Jew Fair of London, or of Hester Street in New York; we find instead the old-time Israelite, with all his Old Testament characteristics. It follows,

accordingly, that the setting is not so much in cities as in the villages of certain European and Eastern countries. The stories are full of warmth, movement, and piquancy, and will challenge a not unfavorable comparison with Mr. Zangwill's. The second book is even more interesting. Mr. Bikélas has already obtained a deserved renown in the literary world, although his first tale did not appear before 1879. His work is now not unjustly regarded as the most finished of this Neo-Hellenic period. His tales have been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Servian, but until now only has appeared in English. Those in this volume are simple in motive and healthful in sentiment. Though they are often melancholy, no one who knows Greece will deny that they do not image well the life there of to-day.

The translation from the French of Dumas's *Napoleon* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) has been published at a most opportune time. The sudden and wide popularity of the several books of First Empire reminiscences which have appeared during the past twelvemonth has been reason enough for the issuing of others which seem also destined to a like popularity. Whatever view may be taken of the justice of such a—shall we say sad? there is no reason to doubt that if any author has a volume now ready on Napoleon he had better publish it at once, or forever after hold his peace. It is strange, however, that the "Napoléon" of Dumas père has not before been translated into English, for its original in French is popular and has had a continuous sale. The book appears to have been written under peculiar circumstances. Dumas had prepared a drama called "Napoléon," which had proved to be a failure at the Odéon. It was withdrawn, and afterwards became the foundation of the present volume. In reading it a suspicion arises more than once that the authorship (as with so many of the productions of Dumas père) was assumed, and that the work was done by penny-a-liners. Yet there are enough of those somewhat melodramatic—at times titanic—touches characteristic of the author of "The Three Musketeers" to reassure us.

It is a delight to pick up a child's book that deals only with goodness, truth, and unconscious unselfishness—a book in which the children lack self-consciousness, and talk naturally, act naturally, and are interested in the lives about them; who exchange civilities and kindnesses (though one child is rich and the other poor) without patronage or an overwhelming sense of gratitude. Never was a more delightful grouping of characters than Mr. Dryton, with his walks; Mr. Jones, with his red nose and shabby clothes and his delightful birds; James, the footman, and fat Mrs. White, the housekeeper; dear Granddad, with his love of books that he could not sell; and Childie and Miss Violet. Miss Beatrice Harraden, in *Things Will Take a Turn* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), has given our overstimulated children a healthy, happy, inspiring story. The story is free from unnecessary suffering, and that kept in the background, and ends with everybody happy. A careful mother would want her child to know each character in the book intimately, so human, so unaffected, are all.

Curb, Snaffle, and Spur, by Edward L. Anderson (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), is an attractive and excellent manual for riders who wish not only to ride well-disciplined horses, but to know how to do their own disciplining. The half-tone photo-engravings from instantaneous photographs of the saddle-horse in various positions and paces make a valuable feature of the book. Every lover of horses will read it with interest and profit, although there will be many—Miss Anna C. Brackett, for example, or Mr. H. C. Merwin, the author of "Road, Track, and Stable"—who may not agree with the following conclusion which Mr. Anderson draws in his last chapter:

I have been training horses for many years, and I have failed to observe in them any traits of character which might be designated as noble, or which showed anything above a very low order of intelligence. The horse is so nervous and apprehensive that it never completely gives its confidence to man, and it exhibits more of the reasoning powers in its defenses and resistances than in the direction of obedience. Fortunately, the horse is a creature of one idea, and until we can obtain control over it by discipline, it is possible to thwart its malevolent intentions by a counter-attack.

The Lyrical Poems of Edmund Spenser have been edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and exquisitely published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., London, for whom Messrs. Macmillan are the New York agents. The little volume is ideal in every respect save one; the print, while clear and evidently from a new font, is too small. The paper and cover, however, are all that could be desired. Mr. Rhys's work is as timely as it is painstaking, and we gladly welcome it. The enchanting vision of the "Faery Queene," it is true, has cast such a glamour over all the productions of the great Elizabethan that we are in danger of forgetting the equal value of his lyrics. Yet these alone would have been enough to have put him in his high niche; indeed, his

supreme achievement alone would have sufficed, the immortal "Epithalamion," whose concerted harmony has never been surpassed. Mr. Rhys's introduction is a sympathetic comment on Spenser's life and work, and the beautiful little book is the most successful reminder yet put forth of the lyrics of the poet's poet.

The Colonial Cavalier, by Maude Wilder Goodwin (Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York), is a delightful sketch of the Colonial Cavalier in his home, Church, State, and social relations. We are made acquainted with the whole man; we go with him through his love story and we see him as a husband; his trade, his friends, his foes, his amusements, his dress, are vividly brought into view. This little book of three hundred pages has condensed into most charming and interesting form a whole library of historical information. The reader feels that he is looking at a picture whose values are preserved, and into which nothing has been worked to produce effects, nor omitted for the sake of prettiness. The historical student will perhaps object that Mrs. Goodwin has not by some method identified her authorities, but the general reader will thank her for giving him a book which reveals in all his charm, with his vices and his virtues, that too little known gentleman, "The Colonial Cavalier."

Arthur O'Shaughnessy is a familiar name to a great many lovers of verse on this side the Atlantic, but the three or four volumes of poetry which bear that name are difficult to find and are not often met with on this side the ocean. It was a happy inspiration of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton to bring together within moderate compass the materials which would afford an acquaintance with this gifted and lamented young poet. Under the title *Arthur O'Shaughnessy: His Life and His Work, with Selections from His Poems*, Mrs. Moulton has prepared a sympathetic and interesting account of O'Shaughnessy, and has made a very intelligent selection from his verse. The volume includes many of the poems which, like "The Fountain of Tears," are already widely known. It would be hard to overpraise the elegance and taste of the making of the book. It is a fine illustration of the high-class work which is being done by Messrs. Stone & Kimball (Chicago).

Character Studies, by Mr. Frederick Saunders (T. Whitaker, New York), is a collection of six papers upon Edward Irving, Mrs. Jameson, Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bryant, and Joseph Green Cogswell. There is much of interest in these personal reminiscences, told in all the manner of the "old school," a manner which well lends itself to such description. There are occasional slips, as, for instance, when Longfellow's eulogistic opinion of "Sacred and Legendary Art" is printed on page 42 and again on page 55. Sometimes, too, we are left in doubt as to the antecedent, as when we read, "In that paper the writer, whose acquaintance with Mr. Irving commenced a short time after his arrival in London." The papers on Longfellow, Bryant, and Washington Irving are of especial interest and charm. Mr. Saunders has a delightfully leisurely, old-time style.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston writes nothing into which he does not put his own personality. No Southern writer, moreover, has given us the flavor of the soil more distinctly. His plantation life and his sketches of negroes and poor whites are always done with a fidelity which is self-evident. His latest volume, *Little Ike Templin* (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston), contains a number of stories for children characterized by the same qualities which give so much life, interest, and humor to the stories for older readers. These are all stories of Georgia life, and they will, therefore, awaken the curiosity and answer the questions of Northern children about a child-life which in many respects is very unlike their own.

From A. C. McClurg & Co. (Chicago) comes the delightful volume by Leander S. Keyser called *In Bird Land*. True, it is not very learned, but its information is always exact and reliable, and its very charm of not being exhaustive makes it all the more attractive to the general reader. If any one has taken pleasure in the bird-descriptions of Thoreau and Theuriet, John Burroughs and James Lane Allen, he will be pretty sure to find some satisfaction in a book dealing so frankly and so intelligently with bird curios, outings, plumage, melodies, roostings, courtships, nurseries, schools, work and play. The book is well indexed, and its practical worth is thus doubled.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who has used his eyes and his pen so effectively in descriptions of Western life, very appropriately introduces Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan, who have made a series of very interesting photographs of wild game, from life, under the title *Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains, by the Camera*. The photographers give an entertaining account of the conditions under which each photograph was taken; and the

photographs, which are very well mounted, bring before the eye the wild life of the Rocky Mountain region much more effectively than any description, however graphic. (Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Colo.)



Literary Notes

—Mr. John Rae, the author of several books on economic questions, has written a new biography of Adam Smith.

—M. Sacher Masoch, the author of so many original and artistic Jewish tales, is united to the Hebrews by no tie of creed.

—Mr. George Meredith's forthcoming story, which will first appear in "Scribner's Magazine," will be entitled "An Amazing Marriage."

—Mr. Frederic Harrison's new volume, "The Meaning of History," is a collection of essays designed to stimulate the systematic study of general history.

—Herr Paul Göhne's "Three Months in a Workshop" has been translated into English. It relates the experiences of a theological student as a factory hand.

—The pleasant discovery has just been made at Galashiels, Scotland, of over a hundred letters written by Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Craig, the banker. The letters were discovered in a box filled with the archives of the old Leith Bank.

—It is rumored that Sir Theodore Martin may write the life of Froude. It is to be deplored that Sir Theodore did not become Thackeray's biographer, a task for which his long friendship with the author of "Pendennis" so well qualified him.

—The Rev. S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Stickit Minister," says that "Pilgrim's Progress" was the only imaginative book which he was permitted to read in his early days. He adds: "I used to be fond of acting scenes from it with a cousin of mine who sometimes came to play with me. He always wanted to be one of the respectable characters; but I invariably chose Apollyon, and threw darts from hell with such force and precision as to make my victim howl."

—The new novel of "Gabriel Setoun" (Mr. Hepburn) is to be called "Sunshine and Ha'ar," and, like "BarnCraig," has to do with Fifeshire. It is reported that the village scenes are those of Mr. Hepburn's native Wemyss. He may well say, "A prophet is not without honor," etc., since the Wemyss woman remarked of his last book, "Gabriel Setoun indeed! Let him no show his face in Weems. Fine do I ken wha he means by Jellowjaws!"

—A collection of "Dublin Verses" is announced for early publication in London. The verses are by members of Trinity College, selected and edited by Mr. H. A. Hinkson, late scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. Among the contributors are Messrs. Aubrey de Vere, Sir Stephen de Vere, W. H. Lecky, Edward Dowden, R. Y. Tyrrell, A. P. Graves, T. W. Rolleston, John Todhunter, Douglas Hyde, George Savage-Armstrong, and Oscar Wilde. Many hitherto unpublished poems will appear in this volume.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in co-operation with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., will publish a series of monthly volumes, very tastefully printed and bound, and devoted to the English lyric poets. Mr. Ernest Rhys will act as editor, and the first volume, with excellent judgment, under the title of "The Prelude to Poetry," will contain the prose comments of poets upon their own art, including, of course, the well-known Apology of Sidney, and the equally well-known Essays of Shelley, Dryden, Coleridge, and others.

—Speaking of the earliest writers in the "Atlantic Monthly," the Boston "Transcript" says:

Of those who wrote, in this vicinity, for the very first volume of the "Atlantic Monthly" (1857-58) there seem to remain only—in order of age—J. Elliot Cabot, Lucretia P. Hale, T. W. Higginson, J. T. Trowbridge, and C. E. Norton. All these are younger by several years than Lowell, who was, moreover, much the youngest of his group. The second volume of the "Atlantic" added Edward E. Hale, and the third volume Julia Ward Howe and Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney began in the fourth volume; Aldrich and Howells did not come in until the fifth, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps began in the sixth. These are now the Nestors or historical leaders of our Boston literature.

—The son of Arsène Houssaye will sit with the Immortals. The eminent critic, historian, and soldier, M. Henry Houssaye, has been elected a member of the French Academy. His predilection has been for the study of Greek literature and art. Among his works are lives of Alcibiades, Apelles, Aspasia, Cleopatra, and Theodora. He has also written an authoritative history of the war of 1870-71. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his distinguished services as officer in that war. At the recent election poor M. Zola did not obtain a single vote.

[For list of Books Received see page 1053]

The Religious World

A Priest to Presbyterians A novel scene was recently witnessed in Union Theological Seminary, when the Rev. Alex. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, addressed the members of the Homiletic Society on "Methods of Preaching." It is said that this is the first time in the history of any Protestant Divinity School in this country that a Roman Catholic priest has addressed the students. Father Doyle was cordially welcomed by Professor Briggs, who spoke kindly of the work of the great preaching order of the Paulist Fathers. In his opening remarks Father Doyle spoke of the pleasure which he had in meeting the students of the Seminary, and said that he rejoiced that his was the pleasure to pass over the bridge of religious toleration and join with them in Christian unity. In speaking of methods of preaching, he uttered words which we think of sufficient interest to our readers to be given in full.

What Father Doyle Said "With us, to train a student for the life of the missionary, a rigid discipline of six years is necessary. It means daily rising at five o'clock, with two half-hours of meditation in silent prayer every day, to make the truth of religion more vivid; constant examination of conscience, that the mirror of the soul may be kept bright; a yearly retreat of eight days in solitude without any conversation with any one; and three years of study of philosophy, dogmatic theology, etc., to cultivate our practical judgment of sin and its remedies. With this training, the missionary is well prepared to go out on the road. A painstaking scrutiny of the Catholic methods at certain periods would lead one to think that the Church relegated preaching to a secondary place. I admit that there were times when there was a great deal of display and very little preaching. But such methods have always, in the long run, resulted in a decay of the faith. A priest is taught, since he is not so much an apostle to the gentile as to the Gentile, to love the people, as the surest and most direct way to their heart. It is a fatal error to confine our ministry to the higher classes of society and to think that the simple people ought to be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the table provided for the educated classes. And, furthermore, would you acquire an unlimited sway over the people, would you be their idol, their uncrowned king, then lay aside your love of riches and the luxuries of life and go down and live among them. Be poor as they are poor; give your money to charities; take the coat from your back and give it to the tramp that asks for shelter; divide your last cent with your humble neighbor. Do this, and then speak and act, and you will be beloved, blessed, and worshiped."

What the American Board Has Done Dr. H. H. Jessup, of Syria, at the annual meeting of the American Board in Madison, Wis., October 11, enumerated the missionary achievements of Christian missions in the Turkish Empire. His address is so significant that we quote the heads in full. Echoing the words of the editor of "The Church at Home and Abroad," we ask, "Is there any organization upon the earth which has a nobler record for the highest welfare of mankind?" The points of Dr. Jessup's address are as follows:

- I. The American Board founded the first evangelical missions of modern times in western Asia.
- II. It organized the first reformed evangelical church in Syria since the days of the Apostles.
- III. It established the first efficient printing-press in the Turkish Empire, from which has issued 500,000,000 pages in the Arabic language, of which many millions have been pages of God's Word.
- IV. It founded in Beirut the first day-school for girls ever opened in the Turkish Empire.
- V. It followed this up with the first girls' boarding-school, under the care of Dr. and Mrs. De Forest, and to-day the whole Turkish Empire is dotted with boarding and day schools for the young.
- VI. It opened the first boarding-school in the Empire for boys in 1837.
- VII. It established the first two colleges upon Turkish soil—the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, under the presidency of Dr. Daniel Bliss, and the Robert College in Constantinople, under the presidency of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, both of which were begun in 1863.
- VIII. It founded the first theological seminary for training a native ministry, under the care of that sainted missionary, Rev. S. H. Calhoun.
- IX. Its missionaries, Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck, with the

co-operation of the American Bible Society, gave to the Arabic-speaking world the first correct and classical translation of the Bible in that language.

X. Its missionary physicians introduced for the first time the practice of medicine and surgery in accordance with the principles of modern medical science.

XI. Its missionaries were largely instrumental in introducing, for the first time, to Syria and to the Turkish Empire, many of the facilities and advantages of modern civilization. Through them entered steam printing-presses, petroleum oil, sewing-machines, photography, clocks, windmills, American agricultural implements, and the electric telegraph.

XII. The missionaries of the American Board have been prominently identified with the early progress of modern exploration of the Holy Land. Dr. Eli Smith was the co-laborer of Dr. Edward Robinson, and Dr. William M. Thomson has given to the world his classic volume on "The Land and the Book."

XIII. The Board's missionaries have ministered to the people during repeated visitations of pestilence, and have passed through six different outbreaks of domestic and foreign war, relieving the suffering and distracted population in times of famine and bloodshed.

The Evangelical Alliance has issued its suggestion of topics for the Week of Prayer. The list is about the same as usual, and perhaps as good as any that could be selected. It suggests that sermons on January 6 be on Isaiah xl., 31; and on January 13 on 1 Corinthians xv., 58. The general order of suggestions for prayer is as follows:

- Monday, 7th. Confession of Sin. Praise and Thanksgiving.
- Tuesday, 8th. Prayer for the Holy Ghost.
- Wednesday, 9th. Prayer for National Righteousness, etc.
- Thursday, 10th. Prayer for Foreign Missions and Missionaries.
- Friday, 11th. Prayer for all forms of Home Missionary work.
- Saturday, 12th. Prayer for the Young, especially in Schools and Colleges.

We observe that the movement in favor of substituting the first week in Lent for the one beginning with the first Sunday in January is rapidly increasing, and that many churches are preparing lists of subjects for their own use better adapted to their individual needs than any general list could be. On the whole, however, we doubt if any better general selection of subjects could be proposed than the one offered by the Alliance; but we do believe that the Week of Prayer would be far more valuable, and that its observance would be far more general, if the first week in Lent were adopted. Slowly but surely the churches are taking the matter into their own hands, and we prophesy that it will not be many years before that week is generally observed.

In the December number of the "Missionary Review of the World" Dr. Pierson speaks his mind concerning the Parliament of Religions. No one who knows Dr. Pierson will need to be informed concerning his opinions on this subject. He declares that the Parliament was a mistake in its inadequate presentation and representation of Christianity; that it was a mistake in the false impressions left on hundreds who attended it; that it was a mistake because it established a bad precedent; that it was a mistake because it exalted some parties into an undue and undeserved prominence, and actually helped them to propagate their false faiths; that it was a mistake in substituting laxity for liberality; and that the crowning mistake was the fatal blunder of at least implying that salvation is not in Christ alone. The article impresses us as a shrewd piece of special pleading. It is supported by abundant quotations on one side. If the testimony from the other side could be taken, we imagine that the verdict would be sadly against the author of this article. Undoubtedly, certain faiths were misrepresented; it is also possible that many men were exalted into undue prominence; but that the permanent influence of the Parliament will be a blessing we have not the slightest question.

Individual Communion-Cups Much is being spoken and written about individual communion-cups, and still the tendency grows in favor of the innovation. Several strong churches, both East and West, have already adopted the new plan. From many sources, however, protests are beginning to be heard. We are told that it is an unworthy concession to class prejudice; that it empties the sacrament of all its solemnity; that it would be just as well to substitute milk for wine, and so on. The force of these criticisms we do not appreciate. The movement has its inspiration altogether in the desire to reduce the possibilities of contagion—it is rather in the interest of physical health. Neither is there any force in the

objection that there was but one cup at the Supper when the Master instituted the sacrament. In many ways there has been a departure from the exact method of our Lord. The objection that the new plan tends to distract attention is no doubt true—because all have been used to a different form; but we doubt if even this would be true in churches where communicants kneel at the altar. It is not our purpose to argue the case either pro or con. But we can at least say that the arguments thus far urged against the change are, to our mind, hardly weighty enough to have influence with any who are persuaded in its favor. In the meantime, whether wise or otherwise, churches are adopting individual cups.

Forward Movement in Syria

An interesting article in "The Church at Home and Abroad," from the pen of Dr. George A. Ford, treats of "The Forward Movement in Syria." The field has been expanded by the addition of a territory with a population of 400,000, mainly occupied by non-Christian sects, and the question presses upon the missionaries whether workers can be sent to meet the imperative demands of that district. One of the missionaries has already been set apart for an evangelistic ministry, and large results are expected from that step—first in imbuing native preachers with the idea of aggressive evangelism, and then in rousing organized churches to greater religious fervor. Dr. Ford pleads for a Christian and industrial training for the neglected orphan boys of Syria, and also for the addition of industrial work to the training now given in mission boarding-schools. It is the purpose to make a "Hampton Institute" for Syria, although co-education is not possible in that land. One great project now engrosses the thoughts of the missionaries, namely, how can they bring the Gospel to bear upon the tribes of the desert whose camps lap over into their territory and "indefinitely eastward across the 'Hinterland' of our mission field? This is one of the most burning questions that confront us." It will be seen that Dr. Ford and his associates have before them a work of no small magnitude; but the Syrian mission has been greatly blessed in the past, and it can hardly be expected that it will look backward in the future. The forward movement will surely go on.

Funeral of Henry M. Storrs

A very remarkable gathering assembled in the First Presbyterian Church in Orange on the afternoon of Tuesday, December 4, at the funeral of the late Dr. Henry M. Storrs. Representatives of many local churches were present, and distinguished men from all parts of the country. We have seldom seen assembled on any occasion so many who were well known in the religious world. The city of Orange showed its appreciation of the great pastor who had gone to his rest, for its stores were closed, and the flags were at half-mast. Even the saloons closed their doors for the time. The services were conducted by the Rev. N. A. Hyde, D.D., of Indianapolis, Ind., a lifelong friend of the departed. Dr. Hyde's address was touching and full of tender appreciation. It could not well have been otherwise, for the two men had been close friends since 1848, when they were students together in Andover Seminary. This is the second time within a few years that a pastor with a National reputation has died in Orange. The other was the late Rev. George B. Bacon, D.D., pastor of the Valley Church, who was known and loved throughout the city, and, indeed, for so young a man, well known throughout the Nation.

Dr. Pentecost's Church

Dr. G. F. Pentecost has persuaded his church in London to adopt certain innovations which are distinctively American. The church is now handsomely carpeted and cushioned, and flowers are usually seen on the desk. Most of the London churches are without carpets, and many without more than an apology for cushions. On a recent Sunday Dr. Pentecost preached three sermons, each of about an hour's length. At one of the services many workingmen were in the audience, and some emphasized the remarks which pleased them "with the sonorous 'Hear, hear,' rather to the astonishment of the sober members of the Marylebone Church." But there are few men who could preach three such sermons in one day, and probably few audiences which would endure them.

Resignation of Dr. Reynolds

One of the strongest and most positive spiritual forces among Nonconformists in England for many years has been Dr. H. R. Reynolds, President of Cheshunt College. His resignation of the position which he has occupied for thirty-four years has just been announced. Dr. Reynolds has never been much before the public, but in quiet ways his beautiful service to the churches and to the ministry has been carried on, and the value of his work recognized by all who have known him. He filled a unique place among religious teachers. Others were as eminent, many were more scholarly, but no man in Great Britain was a more positive and inspiring spiritual power.

Dr. Fairbairn

Each year Dr. Fairbairn is laying the whole religious world under new obligations to him. It has just been announced that he will contribute to the "Expositor" during the next year a series of papers on "The Teaching and Miracles of Jesus." All who have read his "Studies in the Life of Christ" will be anxious to follow this new series of papers from his pen.



The Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"We are entering on a new era, of which the twentieth century will be the beginning, and for which the nineteenth has been a preparation." Dr. Strong thus briefly states a great truth. As a factor of that new era of the twentieth century the Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle will have its place in the promotion of Christ's kingdom among men. "This movement," says Dr. A. T. Pierson, in the "Missionary Review of the World," "contemplates an intelligent study of the whole subject of missions, and without doubt will prove of immense value to the 'Forward Movement' in Christian missions." Dr. T. J. Scott, of Bareilly Theological Seminary, India, affirms of the Circle: "It will inaugurate a new era for missions." Bacon, in his essay, "Of Innovations," says that all innovations which are the births of time are at first ill-shapen, but assures us that "he who will not apply new remedies must expect new evils." "New evils" have come to the Church. The success of missions alarms the Church with the prospect of new burdens and larger. May we not suggest that a "new remedy" of more reading, more study, and more prayer would lead pastor and people to a more healthy liberality? As to the effect of such a course of reading and study upon a pastor, Alexander M. Mackay wrote from Nyanza: "A missionary minister is the right kind of a pastor, to my mind. He is sure to hold more enlarged views of men and things than others who confine their thoughts to their own little circle." And as to the effect of such a course upon the congregation, the same writer well says: "The progress of the kingdom of God in the world is a study well calculated to enlarge the mind and soul and rescue torpid congregations from their self-satisfied ease."

The readers of this paper who may be interested in missions may address the Rev. Z. M. Williams, A.M., Gallatin, Mo., inclosing six cents in stamps, for the "C. M. R. C. Handbook," which fully explains this work. Here are a few facts for pastors to remember: The pastor stands at the head of every missionary enterprise in his church. He is the leader, and it is for him to give missionary inspiration to the missionary societies of his congregation. In view of this responsibility he must himself have sources of inspiration from which to draw. He should have the best literature on missions to be found on any continent. The directors of the C. M. R. C. have examined hundreds of books and periodicals on missions in order to find the best material for the most thoughtful minds.

St. Joseph, Mo.



Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

- E. P. Seymour accepts a call to the church in Putney, Vt.
- John Rounds Smith has resigned the pastorate of the Orthodox Memorial Church, Georgetown, Mass.
- F. L. Goodspeed has become pastor of the First Church of Springfield, Mass.
- S. S. Martyn has resigned the pastorate of the church in Windsor, Vt.
- C. A. Rouse, of Sayville, N. Y., accepts a call from Sudbury, Mass.
- T. A. Frey has resigned the pastorate of the church in Biddeford, Me.
- E. R. Shippen was installed on December 6 as pastor of the First Church of Dorchester, Mass.
- Mrs. M. J. Borden was ordained on November 8 at Albuquerque, N. M.
- Arthur Metcalf, of Campbell, Minn., accepts a call to Bancroft, Mich.

PRESBYTERIAN

- W. F. Whittaker, of Orange, N. J., accepts a call to the First Church of Albany, N. Y.
- R. I. MacBride accepts a call to the church in Cooperstown, N. Y.
- Thomas Carter, pastor of the First Church of Boonton, N. J., died on December 1, at the age of fifty-four.
- W. W. Breckinridge has become pastor of the First Church of Hartford, Conn.
- W. A. Beecher, of Wyoming, Pa., has resigned.

OTHER CHURCHES

- F. W. Adams has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Pomona, Cal.
- G. M. Murray has accepted the rectorship of St. George's Church (P. E.), Lee, Mass.
- G. W. Preston has resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church (P. E.), London, O.
- F. M. Ellis, of Baltimore, Md., accepts a call to the Washington Avenue Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Life of Christ¹

XXV.—The Perean Ministry

By Lyman Abbott

Palestine in the time of Christ was divided geographically into four sections: Galilee, on the north, which we may call the New England of Palestine; Samaria, in the center, occupied by a mongrel population, to which Christ did not to any extent minister; Judea, on the south, under the control of the hierarchy, centered at Jerusalem; and Perea, so called from the Greek word *pera* (beyond), that is, the region beyond the Jordan. This is a wild and romantic region even now, but little visited by travelers to the Holy Land, who practically regard the Jordan as its eastern boundary.

But in Christ's time this was a populous and prosperous district, its hills famous for pasturage and the cattle for their size and fatness. Along the river Jordan the ruins of 127 villages have been counted, and the flourishing cities in its southern portion gave to that section the name of Decapolis (Ten Cities). The population of Perea was not homogeneous. Israelites and Gentiles were here intermixed, living side by side in the same towns and villages. In this semi-pagan community the sheep of Israel were truly wandering sheep—in the estimation of the haughty Judean, lost sheep. To this era of Christ's ministry belong most of the teachings contained in Luke, chapters x.-xvi. It is here, probably, that in the parable of the Good Samaritan he rebukes pride of caste and race, and in the parable of the Rich Fool and of Lazarus the pride of wealth; here that he teaches, in the three matchless parables of the fifteenth chapter, that the grace of God goes out after the wandering and the lost; here, attendant upon the feast of the wealthy Pharisee, he rebukes social display and urges a true Christian hospitality; and here, as in Galilee and in Jerusalem, but more than in Galilee and less than in Jerusalem, he has occasion to denounce the pride and hypocrisy of Phariseism.

Our next three chapters will be taken up with this Perean ministry, to which also belongs the commission of the seventy, referred to last week.

Prayer has been taught by the Pharisees and by John the Baptist as a ritual. In the teaching of the former, its value depended upon the accuracy with which the prescribed rite was followed. The simple-minded disciples, imagining their Master's vigils to be like those of the Pharisees, and like those of the Christian monks at a later epoch—repetitions of prescribed formularies—asked him to teach them what those formularies are. He replies, in substance, that to pray acceptably is to carry to the Father the desires which are actually in our heart, and he groups together in one incomparable prayer the common desires and petitions of humanity. We are not to regard this, however, as the Lord's ideal of devotion. That is furnished us by the intercessory prayer which John has reported as uttered by the Master at the close of his last conference with his disciples. (John, chap. xvii.)

Prayer is to be measured, not by the forms of the words used, but by the reality and intensity of the desire. This is the significance of importunity, which is worse than meaningless when it is not the natural expression of genuine eagerness. The ground and argument for prayer are found in our own intercourse with one another. Any conception of God and his government which regards him as so bound and hampered by his own laws, or even by his own foreknowledge, that he cannot feel and respond to the heartfelt desires of his children, is false. Man is made in God's image, and if we are able to commune one with another, and affect one another by our spiritual life, much more may we commune with the Everlasting Father, and have influence with him.

He meets in Perea the same hostile elements which he has met in Galilee, though here they are more intense and more hostile.

He does not yield to them; on the contrary, he declares that Nineveh and the Queen of Sheba will rise up in judgment against the nation of Israel and condemn them because their privilege has been greater than that of the age to which Jonah and that of the age to which Solomon spoke. He denounces the Phariseism which is scrupulous respecting externalities and indifferent regarding the spirit; which pretends to revere the prophets of the past, yet continues to exemplify the spirit of those who maltreated the prophets. He discerns the secret which they hide behind pietistic garments, and shames them by disclosing their covetousness. He points out to the people the folly of covetousness: the man who thinks only how he can accumulate, and not how he can use, he condemns. Men admire what they call this man's success, which they measure by the greatness of his granaries, but God calls him fool. And He repeats in slightly different forms and slightly different connections the same teachings which he has given to the people in Galilee—the value and the blessedness of the filial trust in a heavenly Father's care—a trust which rests upon and cannot exist without simple, single-hearted, earnest consecration.

Correspondence

In Defense of Governor Waite

A Prohibitionist correspondent in Denver, Colo., sends us a clipping from the Denver "Republican" giving the petition in favor of reopening the gambling-houses, signed by leading bankers and business men, and the counter-petition against such opening, signed by the officers of the Women's Populist Union League. The importance of the houses signing the petition in favor of the gamblers seems not to have been exaggerated in the dispatch quoted in our editorial columns last week. Our subscriber writes:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The inclosed clipping shows the condition of Denver public sentiment which Governor Waite antagonized when he obstinately removed Police Commission after Police Commission, and Chief of Police after Chief of Police, until the present Board and Chief were obtained, who have closed the gambling-dens, broken up the nickel-in-the-slot business, and held on like grim death, while all the preachers—except Myron Reed—and all the aristocracy of the city, together with the gamblers, have called Waite an Anarchist and an "imbecile" and all the other hard names in the calendar. Only this week a "high-toned" gambling-place was raided, and among other prominent business men found therein and taken to jail were two bank presidents. About two weeks ago a similar raid resulted in a similar "catch." That time a former Republican Mayor of the city was among the number taken to jail. Thirteen thousand five hundred dollars was given by the gamblers to the Republican campaign managers. Fifty thousand dollars was offered to Governor Waite to induce him to cease his execution of the laws. Who are the Anarchists? Not Governor Waite and Myron Reed. A. S. M.

Christmas Bells

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I appeal to The Outlook to decide whether it is not time for Christmas Bells to become a reality. For many years they have rung in poetry and in art, and every December finds them in the columns of The Outlook. Neither Christmas cards nor Christmas carols are complete without them; and they give no uncertain sound, by which one might confound them with the bells for early mass or for a saint's day service. In spite of all which, I have yet to make their acquaintance in the veritable outdoor Christmas air.

It is a good sign of our times that Christmas Day among us is rising from its old-time secularity into a sacred birthday of our Lord. Our great National birthday, the Fourth of July, is ushered in with sound of cannon. Why should we not wake on the twenty-fifth of December to the joyful pealing of bells? Sunrise is late at that time of the year; even the most unchurchly could scarcely grumble at a seven o'clock or eight o'clock chime; and perhaps some poor souls who get little cheer from Christmas goodies and lighted trees, and who never hear the Gospel inside of a church, might, on that one day in the year, have an evangel that would reach even to them. "What does it mean that all the bells are ringing? And was He born for me? Does the Christ-child care for me?"

I have heard that many Western churches renounce

Always

pure,
wholesome,
sure,
full weight,
the same in quality,
reasonable in price,
a favorite where once tried.

Cleveland's
Baking Powder

The best that
money can buy.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
81 Fulton St., New York.

bells as a useless encumbrance; but I should like to see the experiment tried of ringing the bells which The Outlook could pull on the coming Christmas morning, and find out whether they would not send a joyful clang clear across the American continent, even if they did not rival the famous shot that was heard around the world. M. P. S.

Reindeer in Alaska

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some time ago I noticed a few lines in The Outlook concerning reindeer and handling them in Alaska, in connection with your comment on the arrival of some Laplanders on their way to Alaska for that work. It was my privilege to visit the Government station the year it was established at Port Clarence. They had a very good herd, which was managed by Messrs. Bruce & Gibson from the States, and handled by Siberian herders, assisted by Eskimo, who were learning. It is gratifying to know that the herd was carried through the winter successfully. It is worthy of notice that the Siberians are deer men, some of them owning thousands of them. They are only superior to our Eskimo inasmuch as a drover is superior to a hunter because of his calling. The second winter Mr. W. T. Lopp, of Indiana (associate teacher with H. R. Thornton in our school at Cape Prince of Wales the year that school was opened; was there alone with the Eskimo, a village of 500; the third winter Mr. and Mrs. Thornton returned, also Miss Nellie Kittridge, of Minnesota, who had been teaching for the A. M. A. in the South. Miss Kittridge became Mrs. Lopp, was appointed superintendent of the station. Mr. Lopp was very

The Way to Cure

Catarrh is by purifying the blood, and the way to purify the blood is by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is in truth the standard blood purifier. By its use, the poison in the blood which is the cause of catarrh, is removed and the catarrh is cured. Local applications are useless in

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures

the treatment of this disease, because they do not reach the cause. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures because it goes to the bottom of the whole trouble. Thousands of people who were afflicted with this disgusting disease have found relief and permanent cure in Hood's. Try it now.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

¹ Bible Study Union Lesson, Part VII.

successful in this respect, as in all his work in Alaska. He is now at our school again—Cape Prince of Wales—and writes me under date of September 5, '94, as follows:

"I cannot see why a minister was not sent up here to help us at the Cape. I am sure the natives need one, and so do we; but, no doubt, I will some day see the wisdom of the present arrangement. Just at present I am giving all my attention to the herd and herders, helping them to build a house on the shore of the big lake northeast of here. We are keeping our cow at the house. We milk her three times a day; she gives enough milk to supply our table. How we enjoy it, and at the same time we are quite proud of our successful experiment." The question of milking, making butter and cheese, is what the "Lapp" excels in, but if our Americans can teach this, why import another stock of people into this Territory? "The grazing here could not be better; you should see how fat our deer are. Five of our boys and a Siberian are our herders."

(Rev.) ARCHIBALD S. McLELLAN.

Etna, Cal.

Doesn't Understand Irony!

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Will you be good enough to explain what you mean by the article on "Peter's Pence," especially the opening sentence—"Those of us who desire to contribute to the fund known as Peter's Pence will no longer be compelled to send our gifts to Rome, but we may forward them to the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, at Washington." Is *The Outlook* acting as an agent for the Papal hierarchy? If so, let your readers know just where you stand.

A. W. R.

Excellent but Dangerous

Mr. Editor of *The Dear Outlook*:

Dear Brother: Your most excellent paper is becoming (now is) a very dangerous instrument, because of its tincture of "Unitarianism," that cunning, but wicked, enemy of true Christianity. I cannot recommend it, nor subscribe for it.

Yours with deep regrets,
A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

Notes and Queries

1. Please tell me of any publication that treats of the value and promise of impressionist painting, of the estimation in which it is held in the art world, and what artists give the best expression of it. 2. How did the term platonic friendship originate, and just what does it mean? A. S.

1. P. G. Hamerton, "Contemporary French Painters;" René Ménard, "French Artists of the Present Day." Claude Monet is the great apostle of the impressionists, but as yet no adequate biography has appeared of the man, nor history of the school. 2. It originated with Plato. Its ideal was that whatever dignifies and ennobles the affections must lie not in outward conditions.

At an entertainment of the recent Church Congress in Boston, Bishop Lawrence referred to a "little book" of Dr. Huntington on Christian unity, which "was adopted by both the Church Congress at Chicago and the one at Lambeth, Eng., as their platform toward the question of Christian unity." Will you kindly give the full title of this book? M.

"The Peace of the Church," by William R. Huntington, D.D. (\$1.25). Published by the Scribners.

Can you tell me anything about a little story entitled "Thankful Blossom"? It is a story of the time of the Revolution. T. B.

We believe that Bret Harte is the author of the story. It will probably be found in one of the volumes of his collected tales.

Who wrote the following lines:

1. "Every day is a fresh beginning!
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again."
2. "Sometime, we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the far hills of Paradise—
Sometime, some day, our eyes shall see
Her face now kept in memory;
Some day our hands shall clasp her hands
Just over in the morning lands."
3. "Serene will all our [days?] [flow on?]"

H. D. C.

1. This is from a well-known poem by Susan Coolidge, to be found in her collected poems.

Will *The Outlook* or some of its readers kindly inform me where I can find the story of "Damon and Pythias" in verse? I quote the following extract from memory, it being immediately after Damon was arrested, on some pretext, and condemned to die:

"I am willing to die, I ask not to live,
Yet three days of respite perhaps thou wilt give,
For to-morrow my sister will wed,
And 'twould damp all her joy were her brother not there;

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

So let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,
While a friend remains here in my stead."

Consent was given, but he was warned that "if there be but one hour, but one moment's delay, that delay shall be death to thy friend."

"Then to Pythias he went and told him his case;
That true friend answered not, but, with instant embrace
Consenting, rushed forth to be bound in his cell."

It was in an old edition of Sanders' Fifth Reader, but I do not now know where one could be obtained. E. P.

If C. E. P., the author of a letter on "Early Settlements" which appeared in our Correspondence department of August 4, will send address, we shall be glad to forward a letter received from another correspondent.

"A. L. S." will find what he or she wants in "Fifty Social Everings" (Hunt & Eaton, New York).

G.

"A. L. P." asks for the author of a verse beginning "Poor vaunt of life indeed." It is part of Robert Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

D. W. W.

Can some one tell me who wrote the "Prince and the Poet"? F. S. U.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Scott, Sir Walter (Bart.). Woodstock. 60 cts.
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. 30 cts.
Milton, John. L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, and Lycidas. 20 cts.
Macaulay, Lord. An Essay on John Milton. 20 cts.
Shakespeare, William. The Comedy of a Midsummer-Night's Dream. 20 cts.
D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Maspero, G. The Dawn of Civilization. Egypt and Chaldea. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Translated by M. L. McClure. \$7.50.
Owen, Rev. Richard. The Life of Richard Owen. With Essay by Rt. Hon. T. H. Huxley. 2 Vols. \$7.50.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Warner, Charles Dudley. The Golden House. \$2.
Stuart, Ruth McEnery. The Story of Babette. \$1.50.
Pyle, Howard. Twilight Land. \$2.50.
Curtis, George William. Literary and Social Essays. \$2.50.
McClelland, M. G. St. John's Wooing. \$1.
McGlasson, Eva Wilder. Ministers of Grace. \$1.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON
Anthony, Gardner C. Elements of Mechanical Drawing. \$1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK
Lamont, Hammond. Specimens of Exposition. \$1.25.
Pancoast, Henry S. An Introduction to English Literature. \$1.25.

THE HOPE PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Date, Henry. Pentecostal Hymns. 35 cts.
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Harris, Joel Chandler. Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. \$2.
Marden, Orison S. Pushing to the Front. \$1.50.
Lowell, Percival. Occult Japan; or, The Way of the Gods. \$1.75.

THE HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK
Giles, Fayette S. Shadows Before; or, A Century Onward. 50 cts.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK
Young, Egerton R. Oowikapun. \$1.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Bower, H. M. The Fourteen of Meaux. \$2.
Border Ballads, with Introductory Essay by Andrew Lang and Twelve Etchings by C. O. Murray. \$7.
Sheppard, Edgar. Memories of St. James's Palace. 2 Vols. \$10.50.

LUTHERAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA
Practical Helps for Pastors and Teachers on the Augsburg Lesson Series for 1895. \$1.25.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Vinycomb, John. On the Processes for the Production of Ex-Libris (Book-Plates). \$1.25.
Björnson, Björnsterne. Synnøve Solbakken. Given in English by Julie Sutter. With Essay on the Writings of Björnson by Edmund Gosse. \$1.25.
Rhys, Grace. The Sleeping Beauty, and Dick Whittington and His Cat. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell. 50 cts. Jack the Giant-Killer, and Beauty and the Beast. 50 cts.
Keary, E. M. A Catalogue of the Accademia Delle Belle Arti at Venice. \$1.
Smith, W. Robertson. Lectures on the Religion of the Semites. \$4.

Winchester, M. E. A Double Cherry. \$1.25.
Murray, James A. H. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, Vol. III. D—Deceit. 90 cts. Vol. IV. F—Fang, 60 cts.
Spenser, Edmund. Lyrical Poems. Edited by Ernest Rhys. 2 Vols. \$1 each.
Cornish, C. J. Wild Animals in Captivity. \$3.50.
Giberne, Agnes. Radiant Suns. \$1.75.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK
Eckstein, Ernst. Der Besuch im Carcer. Edited by T. A. Stephens. 25 cts.
Pompéry, Mlle. E. de. Petites Histoires Enfantines. Edited by W. S. Lyon. 20 cts.

THE MERRIAM CO., NEW YORK
Margaret. Theatrical Sketches.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., NEW YORK
Baker, Mrs. Woods. Pictures of Swedish Life; or, Svea and Her Children. \$3.75.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Shaler, N. S. Sea and Land. \$2.50.
Field, Eugene. Love-Songs of Childhood. \$1.

J. SELWIN TAIT & SONS, NEW YORK
Kerr, Norman, M.D. Inebriety, or Narcomania. \$3.50.

Gorham, Iona O. Naval Cadet Carlyle's Glove. 50 cts.
Knauff, Theodore C. Aladdin the Second. \$1.25.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Lomax, Alfred E. Sir Henry Layard. 50 cts.

—A well-known ballad-singer says:

The finest compliment I ever had paid me was by General Grant. You know he was not very fond of music, and once, when we happened to be stopping in the same hotel for the night, and after the performance I was asked to sing for him, I did not feel very much like complying. In fact, I refused him at first because I had heard that music bored him dreadfully, and that he only agreed to hear me because the committee that was entertaining him included me in the attractions. About midnight, in the parlor of the hotel, I met the General, and shortly afterward I sat down to the piano to play my own accompaniment to a simple ballad I had selected. The General sat near the piano, and I kept my eye on him, so that I could see if he were going to get tired, and if so I was going to quit as short as I could reasonably do. As I sang, however, I became interested in the melody and forgot the General, and sang straight through to the end. Then, as the last strain died away, the General rose suddenly, and, as he brushed his hand across his eyes, he said: "Confound your music!" and walked away. It was not quite what I expected, but it was the greatest compliment he could have paid me, and I told him so when later he came and apologized for having spoken as he did.

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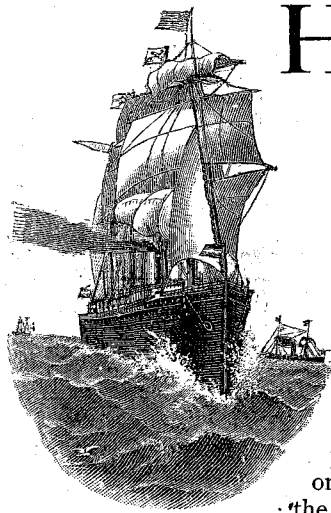
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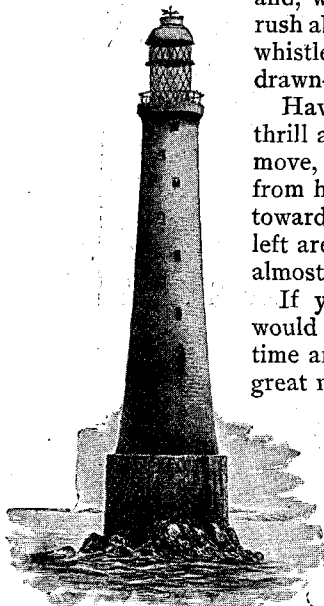
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[PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT]

TO EUROPE BY AN IDEAL LINE



HAVE you ever stood upon the pier as one of the great modern greyhounds of the ocean was about leaving for Europe, and felt the inexpressible charm which attached to her departure? Have you studied the hundreds of faces on her decks, full of happy anticipation; noted the waving or calling of good-byes to less happy friends on shore; watched the foaming team come galloping down the pier with the score or two of bags of the "last mail," seen the inevitable belated passenger jump from his cab just as the men stood ready to "swing off the gang-plank," and, with arms full of luggage, rush aboard while the deep-lunged whistle was sounding its long-drawn-out good-bye?



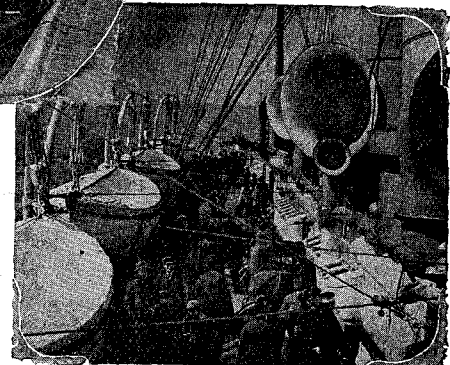
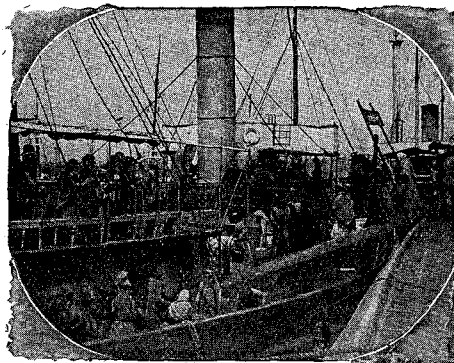
Have you felt the indescribable thrill as the great ship begins to move, and glides majestically out from her slip and turns her prow toward Europe, while friends gone and friends left are waving farewells to one another with almost hysterical ardor?

If you should put the question, "What would you do if you had an abundance of time and money?" to a thousand people, the great majority would answer without hesitation, "Travel." This very impulse is what lends the attraction to the sailing of a great ship. It is in a certain sense the invisible line between the "cannot" and the "would be."

But where one man or woman could go to Europe a generation ago, a thousand can go now. Facilities, conquest of time, comforts, luxuries, and reasonableness of fares are now all at the service of the traveler; and no company has done so much to place them

ports. The service between New York, Southampton, Bremen, and New York is unquestionably the finest in the world. In fact, the traveler has not experienced the absolute comfort of modern travel until he has crossed the Atlantic in one of the floating palaces of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, of which Oelrichs & Co., 2 Bowling Green, New York, are agents. That the public appreciates this is evidenced by the figures which show that this line occupies a foremost position in the number of cabin passengers carried between Europe and America. Owing to their having bi-weekly sailings throughout the year, with the exception of the midwinter, there is no crowding. The interior conveniences of these steamers are perfectly appointed, with luxury and comfort the main

points in view. The cuisine equals that of the best of modern hotels, and every attention is given to the comforts of the passengers. The officers in command are all experienced men—men who have seen years of service in all seas; and it is one

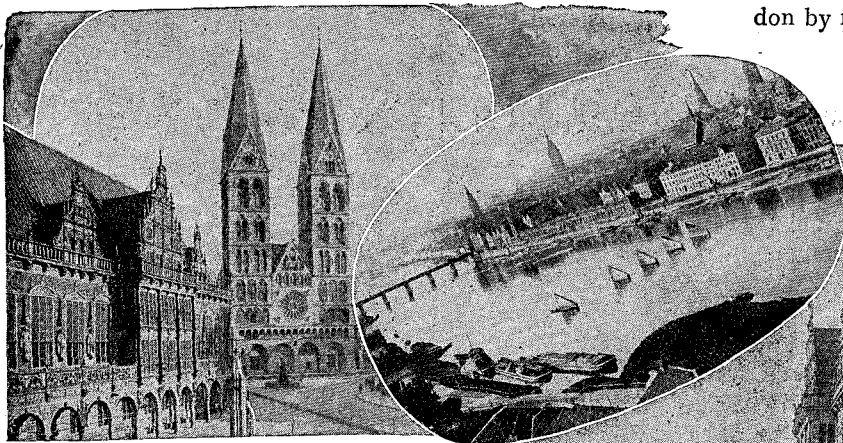


["Hundreds of faces on her decks full of happy anticipation"]

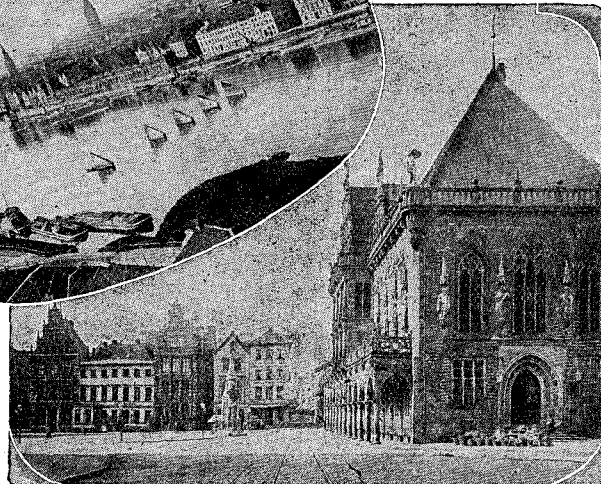
of the requisites, before any one can enter the employ of the North German Lloyd, that he shall have passed two rigid examinations in the German nautical schools. This is one of the chief reasons why the name of this Company and absolute safety are almost synonymous terms.

The North German Lloyd has inaugurated a superb train service of vestibuled saloon carriages in connection with its steamers between Bremerhaven and Bremen, from which point Berlin may be reached in a little over five hours.

From Southampton, passengers are landed in London by rail in two hours on special trains.



at his disposal as the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, with its magnificent fleet of express steamers, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, *Trave*, *Havel*, *Spree*, *Lahn*, *Ems*, *Saale*, and three-score more, sailing to all parts of the world from American and European



["The city of Bremen being so full of interest to even the casual visitor"]

The superb winter trips offered by the German Mediterranean service of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg - American Companies at this season of the year are replete with attractions.

The great steamships have hardly passed Sandy Hook before Winter's grasp is relaxed. The prow, instead of being turned to the frozen North and the "roaring forties," is steered due east, and on isothermal lines, far to the south. The sea is smooth, the air is soft, and there is a

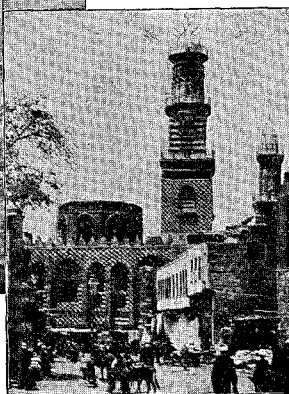
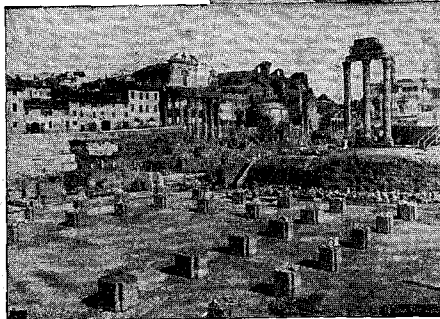
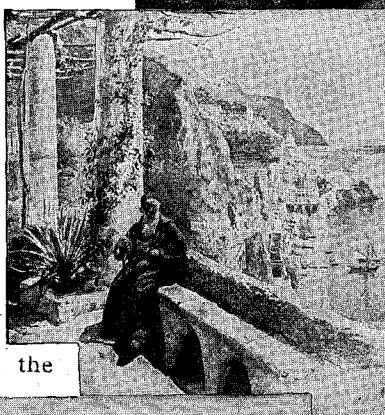
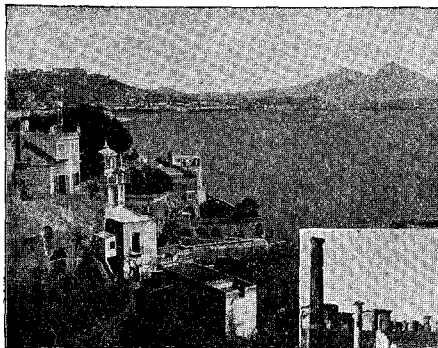
restfulness that is doubly grateful after the cutting winds of a Northern fall and winter. A few days of this holiday voyaging, and the ship nears the gate of the ancient world—the Straits of Gibraltar. Here the traveler is at once in the very heart of history—ancient and modern. He is at the “Gates of Hercules,”

and he may gaze at the heroic of our own times. The greatest writers have found in Gibraltar a theme to inspire them to their finest rhetoric, but the vast stone lion that guards the entrance to the Mediterranean has never been described and never can be. Like Niagara and the Pyramids, it must be seen and felt. From Gibraltar one may easily visit the interior of Moorish Spain, with its many romantic towns whose very names—Granada, Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, Valencia, Toledo, and Cordova—suggest hours of *dolce far niente* and unalloyed rest and peace, returning to Gibraltar to take up the journey on a later steamer. Beyond the “solemn sentinel” the voyager finds himself in the dazzling blue expanse of the Mediterranean, with memorable lands on every side. The steamer from Gibraltar turns towards Africa and touches at Algiers—rich in never-ending fascinations for artists, or the casual tourist. The traveler has long ago left frosts and fogs behind. The sky, even more than the sea, is a liquid and brilliant blue, and his lungs exult in the balmy, pure, dry air. He, too, relaxes; lays aside the stress of care and toil; and, lounging on deck or loitering among the bazaars, accepts the kindness of nature and acquires the indolence of his new neighbors. The softer atmospheric touch has been felt from the very first, but it grows into perfection as the tourist reaches Egypt. Here is a winter paradise for the victim of American catarrh, rheumatism, bronchitis, and our other climatic curses.

Out of the Desert rise the “starry-pointed Pyramids,” looking calmly down upon such a parvenu date as 1492, and all which it signifies. It is worth something for an American to feel these “forty centuries,” and himself face

the Sphinx and its riddle. Wherever he turns his steps—up the Desert; to the Holy Land; along the African shores; or in the classic lands of Greece and Italy—he is among the classics, while Nature spreads before him her most enchanting panoramas. It was a happy inspiration which led the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Companies to open a delightful sea-avenue to this natural winter resort.

The palace steamships of this line carry one, in luxurious comfort, direct to Gibraltar, and thence to Tangier, Algiers, Capri, Procida, Ischia, Naples, Genoa, and the various points of interest in the Mediterranean. From Genoa, the

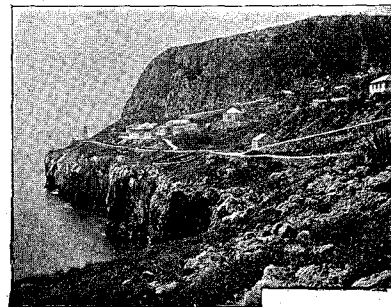


traveler may, in a few hours, reach Nice, San Remo, Mentone, and Monte Carlo, and the other resorts of the Riviera, as well as Florence, Venice, Naples, Rome, Pompeii, or Herculaneum, visiting Sorrento, Capri, or Amalfi if desired. And what a charm attaches to all these places—so full of interest—so far removed from the distempers of wintry climate as to tempt one to forget that the erratic

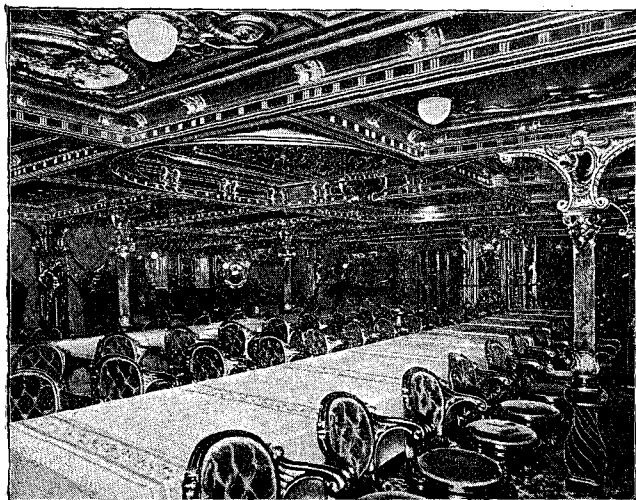
American barometer ever indicates cyclones or cutting—and killing—northeasters.

Then, too, the romantic lake region of Italy is easily reached from Genoa. The traveler may spend weeks in sweet idleness on the picturesque shores of lovely Maggiore, Lugano, and Como.

That such companies as the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American, with their broad, liberal, and progressive spirit of enterprise, should have united in a joint Mediterranean service and brought such a region within easy reach, both as to time and money, is a matter of public congratulation. Even the jaded man or woman who has but four weeks at his or her disposal may in eight days from New York be in Spain or Italy, spend a fortnight there in rest and recreation, and be back in New York in a month, refreshed, invigorated, and with a nobler and broader conception of the world and its beauties.



[“The vast stone lion that guards the entrance”]



[“The palace steamships of this line carry one in luxurious comfort”]

—Frank Presbrey, in *The Forum*, November, 1894.

For the Little People

The Resolution Time

By L. E. Chittenden

"It's a big mistake," said Teddy,
"In the matter of a date,
To have the resolution time
About a week too late.
If New Year's came at Christmas,
I tell you, boys would stay
So good, you'd all be frightened:
At least, till Christmas Day!"

A Letter from Santa-Claus-Land

By Annie E. Wilson

PART I.

"Mamma says it will be all right after while," Dolly-Day murmured, looking ruefully down at her doll. "But I don't see how it ever can be all right any more, 'cause it's the hair Johnny pulled out, and it can't grow back again. Even papa's, that's all come out of its own self, on top of his head, never did come back any more."

"Dolly-Day, here is a letter for you; it came in the mail. Who can it be from?"

Dolly-Day opened it, and mamma read:

Dear Dolly-Day:

I want your doll, Miss Angel, to come and make me a visit, if you can spare her, some time between this and Christmas. It would hardly be worth while for her to come after Christmas, you know, for when I have been around the world and filled the thousand and one stockings, I am pretty tired and ready to sleep all the rest of the year. If you will just put her best dress on, and leave her where I can find her, I will come by some night in my sleigh and get her without waking you. Even Miss Angel herself will not know where she is until she gets there. In a very big hurry, yours,

SANTA CLAUS.

Dolly-Day's blue eyes opened wider and wider as the reading went on, and when the name came at the end, her two little hands went softly together, and her face beamed with pleasure. For she knew something good must come of it, though she could not guess what.

She did not wait for mamma's question, "What are you going to do?" but went quietly upstairs and sat down by Miss Angel's trunk, with Miss Angel in her lap, to select the best she had, according to Santa's directions.

The result was not very satisfactory, for Miss Angel's wardrobe was in almost as sad a plight as her head. Still, as Santa had written for her, of course she must go.

Long before night she was sitting bolt upright in her own chair, facing the fireplace, holding under her thumb this letter, which Dolly-Day had persuaded somebody to write:

Dear Santa Claus:

You will find Miss Angel in the farthest back room. I did not have any very nice dress to put on her, but I did the best I could. I will miss her very much, but if you want her, I can spare her a little while. I hope she will be good. Good-by, from

DOLLY-DAY.

It was directed to "Mr. S. Claus—Up on the House." When Dolly opened her eyes the next morning Miss Angel was gone, chair and all.

During the two weeks which followed Dolly-Day felt a strange kind of awe whenever she thought of Miss Angel. What was she doing in Santa-Claus-Land? Could she walk and talk, her own self, there? and would Santa Claus let her find out where all the dolls and toys and candy came from?

Christmas Eve arrived at last. Miss Angel had not yet come home. Would she come to-night? Dolly-Day almost forgot to wonder about anything else in her eagerness to see Miss Angel again.

Instead of going to sleep as soon as she got in bed, the blue eyes were stretched as wide as could be, peering into the darkness, as if she expected to see Miss Angel dropping down through the ceiling.

"I do hope Santy won't forget her chair!" Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! "It must be Santy," thought Dolly-Day, but just then something seemed to come down over her, and then the next thing she knew she was sitting up in bed, daylight peeping through the win-

dow, and her brother's merry "Christmas gift!" was ringing in her ears. Nobody knew how her little heart was beating when she stood outside the dining-room door and waited for mamma and papa to say "Come in." And when, in a blaze of little wax candles, she saw Miss Angel sitting in her own chair, as beautiful and with hair as golden and curly as in her best days, what could a little girl do but just kneel down beside her dear doll and let all her joy bubble out in soft little "Ohs!" fingering delightedly the while the handsome new dress!

Ever after that Christmas Day, Dolly-Day looked at Miss Angel and handled her with a kind of reverence, never forgetting she had really been to Santa-Claus-Land, and wondering, wondering, wondering what she had seen and done while there.

Jack Frost's Apology

To strip you of your foliage
My spirit sorely grieves,
Nor will I in the task engage
Unless you grant your leaves.
—Harper's Young People.

Some Clever Horses

It is said that many horses learn the difference in colors. Horses show such wonderful intelligence in many ways that it seems quite probable that they do know color. Street-cars often run up such high grades that extra horses are kept at the foot of these hills to help pull the cars up. It has been discovered that these helpers, when on routes where more than one line of cars run, learn to discover the colors of the cars. "The helpers for the green cars do not attempt to leave their stand when the car coming is red or yellow, and the helpers for the yellow or red cars make no attempt to leave their place except as the cars of their own lines appear. The horses have been watched for some time and tested in many ways, and prove conclusively that they know color, and that they attend to their business.

That horses should know color seems no more wonderful than that they should learn to know a voice or a footstep. I knew a gray horse who had been petted by two members of a family. One always gave him sugar whenever he went to the barn, and the other always gave an extra handful of oats. The experiment was tried many times, and it was proved every time that, without seeing either of his friends, he knew, when he heard their voices, or even their steps, which he was going to get, and prepared for it. Not only did he know what he was going to get, but he greeted each one with a different neigh.

An Orange

It takes almost a year for an orange to grow
That a boy can eat in a minute.
Through the long summer days
How the sun's melting rays
Have sweetened the juices within it!
—Youth's Companion.

The Lost Dinner

The daughters of Thackeray, the great novelist, tell an amusing story of waiting for a dinner. They hired rooms in an old palace in Rome, and used to have their dinners sent in. One day, after a lunch of tarts, they ordered a dinner to be sent to their rooms from this bake-shop or trattoria near by. The children and their father went sightseeing all the afternoon, and came home very hungry. They got ready for dinner, but no dinner came. They waited and waited, and at last Mr. Thackeray called the English servant and told him to go to the cook-shop and see why the dinner ordered had not come. The servant came back and said the dinner had been sent. Where was it? The servant was sent back to tell the people the dinner had not come. He left

the room, but turned back, saying: "There was a queer box came some time ago, but I have not opened it." The children flew out and opened the box to find the dinner, still warm, in it. They sat down to their first dinner in Rome.

The Message from the Bank

We have heard often of messages sent by strange methods—in baskets of eggs, in the bands of hats sent out from a factory, in barrels of apples. And no less strange were the results of these messages. But the "Youth's Companion" tells a very strange story of a bank-note that led to the rescue of a brother. The cashier of a bank in England received a bank-note that bore on its face some indistinct writing. It was at last deciphered, reading: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean was found, and at once enlisted Government aid. It was found that the brother had been a slave in Algiers for eleven years. He was redeemed on the payment of a ransom. The family had supposed him dead.

A Sea-Gull

A strange story comes to us from Brenton's Reef, near Newport, R. I. It is said that an old sea-gull has returned to the lightship stationed near the Reef for the twenty-third year. Twenty-three years ago, when he first came, the men on the lightship fed and petted him, and he remained all winter. When spring came he flew away one morning early, and the men never expected to see him again, but the next fall he came again, and apparently remembered his friends. Every year since he has appeared in the fall. The men have fixed a perch for him near the stern of the vessel. He never attempts to reach the land, which is only a mile away, and distinguishes his old friends from newcomers on board the vessel each time he returns to it.

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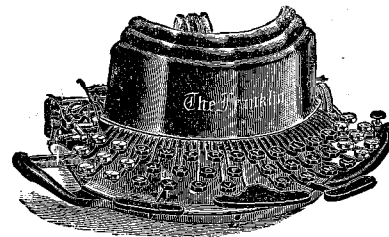
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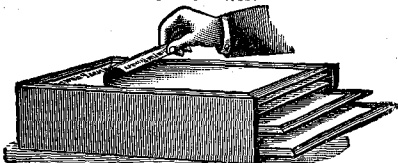
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More Protests against Protestantism

We hope hereafter to give, briefly, what we understand to be the history of the rise of both the Episcopacy and the Papacy, which will at least partially represent our views in answer to the questions implied in the following two letters. We do not here, therefore, give any further reply to them than to say that the second correspondent, however correct he may be as to history, is certainly not well informed as to the claims of the Roman Church. He will find, for example, in the "Catholic Dictionary," published with the imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Archbishop of New York, and which is therefore at least good authority as to the claims of the Roman Church, the following statement: "At one time, as everybody knows, the Greek Churches were in full communion with the Holy See. We begin, therefore, with the history of the schism and of the origin of the Greek Church as an independent body."—THE EDITORS.

AN ILLOGICAL SYLLOGISM

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Your answer to my question anent High Churchmen and Rome is summed up in a syllogism that you pronounce "very simple," and from which, you say, "there is no escape." The syllogism is:

The Church is the final authority in matters of faith and practice. The Church has declared that authority to be vested in the Pope. Therefore the Pope is the final authority in matters of faith and practice.

No High Churchman need ever fly to Rome "to escape" such a syllogism as that. The subtle intellect of Newman might have regarded it with amused wonder, but certainly not with awe. No such syllogism was ever known in logic, nor ever will be until man shall have fallen into "permanent intellectual confusion." One of the primary rules of the syllogism is that it shall contain three and only three terms. Yours has four, viz., "Church," "final authority," "has declared," "the Pope." Therefore there is no syllogism.

To show this in detail: The predicate of the conclusion, "final authority," etc., is the major term. The subject of the conclusion, "the Pope," is the minor term. As you declare your first proposition to be the major premise, "the Church" must be your middle term. With these three terms your minor premise must infallibly be, "The Church is the Pope," or, "The Pope is the Church." Instead of this you have introduced as your minor premise a proposition—viz., an alleged declaration made by the Church—that has no more logical connection with the major premise and conclusion than any other historical statement whatever.

To pass from the question of logic to the question of fact: When and where has the Church declared the authority spoken of to be vested in the Pope?

If the Church had said this, or should say it, what would the declaration be worth? If God imposed on the Episcopate a commission, a duty, a power, a responsibility, the Episcopate could not, even by a unanimous vote, transfer these to another. When God says "Do this," he does not mean "Get somebody else to do this." Peter might as well have turned and told Andrew to feed the lambs. So evident is this principle that the Romanists themselves do not derive the Papal supremacy from any imagined "declaration" of the Church or Episcopate, but from God himself through Christ.

But if the Episcopate could transfer responsibility and authority in this way, the individual can do the same. Yet, to use a secular analogy, what would be the value of a "declaration" by President Cleveland that the Presidential authority was vested in the Mayor of New York? That any person can transfer divinely imposed responsibility or authority to others by a simple "declaration" or otherwise is repugnant to Protestantism, the Scriptures, and the common sense of mankind. E. A. W.

A "NEW DISCOVERY"

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

In your latest editorial on the Episcopal Church you have announced what appears to be a new discovery in Church history of the highest interest and importance. You say: "It is, in our judgment, historically demonstrable that both the Greek Church and the Anglican Church derive their Historic Episcopate through the pre-existing Church of Rome." So far as this statement applies to the Anglican Church, it may be conceded that the point is a debatable one, though the view that, since the representatives of the earlier Celtic Church in Britain shared with the Roman Mission under Augustine the work of re-establishing Christianity in Anglo-

Saxon England, they probably shared also in founding the English Episcopate, is not without respectable support.

But it is in the application of your statement to the Greek Church that the startling novelty appears.

In saying that that Church derives her Historic Episcopate through the pre-existing Church of Rome, you assert of the Roman Church that which, so far as I am aware, her most enthusiastic partisans have never pretended or dared to claim for her. Neither Gregory the Great, nor Hildebrand, nor the forged Decretals of Isidore, nor the most rabid ultramontane Jesuit of modern days, has advanced any such claim. The most ardent supporters of the Papal supremacy, asserting, as they have, the authority of the See of Peter over the other Apostolic Sees of Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Ephesus, and Constantinople, and over the four great Eastern Patriarchates, and even over the Œcumenical Councils, have never, I believe, even suggested that these Churches derive their Historic Episcopate, which means their organized existence, either through or from the Church of Rome.

Frankly, this is an idea which I have never seen advanced before, and unless it be possible that *The Outlook* has confused two things which are quite distinct, the Papal claim of supreme authority over the whole Christian Church, and that historic organization of the Church in the episcopate which was general throughout the East before Rome's distinctive claims were heard of, I must conclude that *The Outlook* has a new and very interesting view of Church history which, in effect, is more Papal than that of the Pope. Will you not please throw more light on this subject by giving at least the outline of that demonstration of which you speak?

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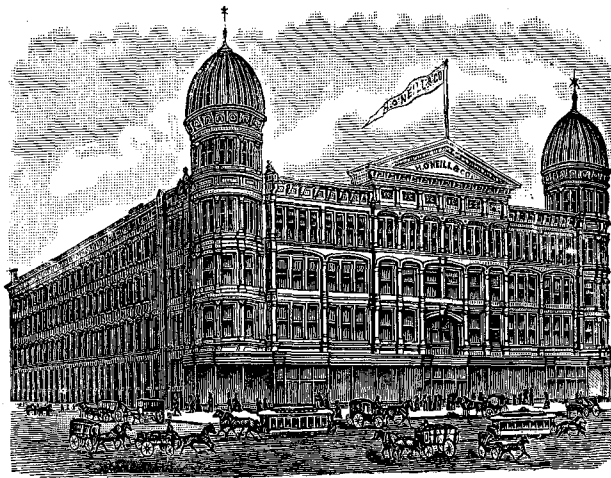
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Piney Woods Hotel

OPENS DEC. 15, 1894

For circulars, etc., apply to F. A. BUDLONG, Windsor Hotel, New York City, or to

William E. Davies, Thomasville, Ga.

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Has all improvements, and will be kept up to the highest standard. E. S. COMSTOCK.

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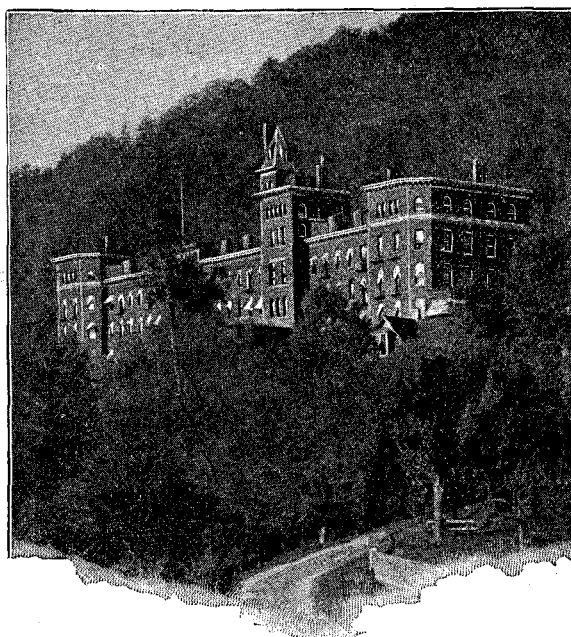
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Instruction in Hygiene and Physical Culture. Especial provision for quiet and rest, also for recreation, amusement, and regular outdoor life.

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It will cost you little to get **FULL INFORMATION**—it will save you much. Ask **H. GAZE & SONS,** Chief Office, 113 Broadway, New York, for their **TOURIST GAZETTE**

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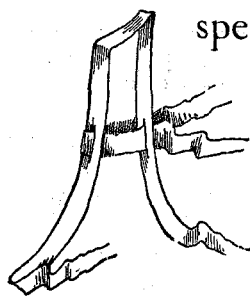
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"PERSONS who want to escape from the rigors of a Northern winter cannot find a more agreeable Southern resort than the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va. The climate in this locality is delightful, is absolutely free from malaria, and the air is balmy and full of life-giving ozone. The house is one of the best appointed in the country, and the drainage and other sanitary arrangements are perfect. The cuisine is first-class in every detail, and embraces every delicacy of land and sea food. The social attractions of the place are manifold, and music and dancing are among the features that add to the charms of this model hotel for people who are in search of health and recreation."—From *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*. **F. N. PIKE, Manager.**

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CALIFORNIA in **3½ Days**

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"HAPPY NEW YEAR"

"CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS"

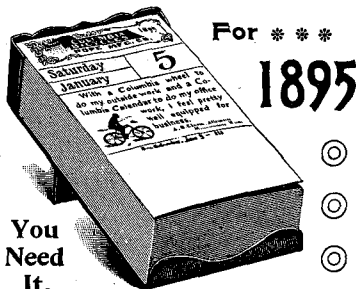


A BEAUTIFUL WREATH OF HOLLY AND MISTLETOE Printed on Cloth. Can be Tacked on the Wall.

Ask your local dealer to procure some of the Windsor Christmas Wreaths. Do not send to us, as we have none at retail.

WINDSOR CO.
Manufacturers of all kinds of Printed Dress Fabrics,
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A Desk Calendar is a necessity—most convenient kind of storehouse for memoranda. The Columbia Desk Calendar is brightest and handsomest of all—full of dainty silhouettes and pen sketches and entertaining thoughts on outdoor exercise and sport. Occasionally reminds you of the superb quality of Columbia Bicycles and of your need of one. You won't object to that, of course. The Calendar will be mailed for five 2-cent stamps.

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A valuable book entitled "Secrets of the Toilet," containing new receipts, sent **Free**, explaining a new method of easily producing an exquisite complexion without paint, powders, or poisonous compounds; a rational method of curing all skin diseases, improving the form, etc. Address, with two-cent stamp, **BORDEAUX TOILET CO., 132 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.**

Bret Harte's Early Days

In a conversation with Bret Harte, in "McClure's Magazine," the interviewer asked Mr. Harte: "And were you taking notes for future literary work at this period?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "I had not the least idea at this time that any portion of literary fame awaited me. I lived their life, unthinking. I took my pick and shovel and asked where I might dig. They said, 'Anywhere,' and it was true that you could get 'color,' that is, a few grains of gold, from any of the surface earth with which you chose to fill your pan. In an ordinary day's work you got enough to live on, or, as it was called, 'grub wages.' I was not a success as a gold-digger, and it was conceived that I would answer for a Wells Fargo messenger. A Wells Fargo messenger was a person who sat beside the driver on the box-seat of a stage-coach, in charge of the letters and 'treasure' which the Wells Fargo Express Company took from a mining camp to the nearest town or city. Stage robbers were plentiful. My predecessor in the position had been shot through the arm, and my successor was killed. I held the post for some months, and then gave it up to become the schoolmaster near Sonora—Sonora having by immigration attained the size and population which called for a school. For several years after this I wandered about California from city to camp, and camp to city, without any special purpose. I became an editor, and learned to set type, the ability to earn my own living as a printer being a source of great satisfaction to me, for, strange to say, I had no confidence until long after that period in literature as a means of livelihood. Nearly all my life I have held some political or editorial post upon which I relied for an income. This has, no doubt, affected my work, since it gave me more liberty to write as pleased myself instead of endeavoring to write for a purpose, or in accordance with the views of somebody else."

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as it existed in the hepatic cells of the living fish; hence perfectly digestible, causing no after-taste or nausea. In flat, oval bottles only, hermetically sealed and dated. All Druggists.

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BOARD—BROOKLYN.—Delightful home can be secured in refined family owning their home. Extra large front alcove room, newly decorated; all conveniences; superior table. Mrs. A., 182 Hart St., between Tompkins and Throop Aves.

WANTED—Situations in the country by the Agency of the State Charities Aid Association for women with infants or young children, to do general housework; low wages expected. Apply Room 503, United Charities Building, N. Y. City.

A LADY of intelligence, tact, and social experience is desirous of acting as guide, chaperon, or house-mistress in school or private house. M. T., No. 7,815, care Outlook.



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In all respects these pianos illustrate the same HIGHEST STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

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you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with

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A TWO-CENT stamp will carry this paper to your friend in any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, after you have read it and written your name in the corner.

The Business World

Last Week's Business Here and Abroad

In spite of new low records on wool and iron, wheat has now advanced above sixty cents a bushel. The week also shows an increase of over one per cent. in the average prices for railway bonds, while stocks have gone up from one to three points. The "Industrials" were wonderfully active, especially Sugar, the dealings in which amounted to 750,000 shares, or twice the entire number of shares in existence. Reasons for the general upward tendency may be found in the important events of the week, all of which were distinct factors in changing the trend of trade. On Monday the President's message appeared; on Tuesday, Secretary Carlisle's report; later occurred the action of the Sugar Trust directors, the caucus of Democratic Senators, and the consequent decision as to further tariff legislation, while in the House occurred the beginning of the railway-pooling debate. The most encouraging of all events was the general increase in railway earnings. On Saturday gold exports really began, \$1,250,000 being exported, but, instead of adversely affecting the market, prices actually advanced. Foreign exchange is higher and strong. Preparations for the new loans abroad account for some of the gold movement. The Rothschilds have already negotiated for an Austrian loan for 76,000,000 florins (a florin is about forty cents), and for a Russian loan for \$100,000,000. It is interesting to know both that the latter has been floated at 3½ instead of 3 per cent. as at first reported, and that the eminent Hebrew bankers have been induced to reconsider their determination to have nothing more to do with the finances of a government which has so oppressed their brethren.

Secretary Morton's Report

The annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture differs widely from that of its predecessors in discussing many matters of broad interest not usually treated in such a document. As to the actual business of the Department, however, the Secretary emphatically denies the allegations regarding diseased beef exported from this country. He deals with the subject of the farmer's foreign trade, indicating the best market for different products. He shows that the recent discussion as to lessening the cost of bread has been the outgrowth of Department bulletins bearing upon nutrition investigations. He reiterates the conviction that the promiscuous free distribution of Department publications should be abolished, and he is opposed to the whole business of giving away seeds. As to the strict economy of the Department, the sum of \$600,000 has been covered back into the Treasury out of the annual appropriation. The Department's efficiency, however, has not been at all diminished by such economy. Mr. Morton expresses the opinion that corn and not wheat will henceforth be our staple cereal product. He furthermore tells the farmers that their products "have only a specific purchasing power. They will only buy money of people who desire farm products. The farmer exchanges these results of his labors, which have a specific purchasing power, for money, which has a general purchasing power. It is important, therefore, to farmers everywhere that they demand money for their products which has the highest general purchasing power throughout all the civilized world. It is as vital to the American agriculturist that the currency of his country should be on the basis of the highest and most universally recognized measure of value as it is to the reputation of American farm products in all the world's markets that they be of the most desirable quality." The Russian thistle is made the text for a suggestion that seeds from abroad must be more carefully inspected. The Secretary says that perhaps a guarantee should be demanded from foreign countries as to the freedom from weed seeds and as to the absolute fertility of all seeds imported into this country. We might well apply this rule to ourselves. The export of American seeds would be much augmented if the standard of purity and fertility were exalted; in other words, if we gave to other peo-

ples the same guarantee we propose to ask of them.

The Erie Railway

The Annual Report of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway recently issued has excited much comment in the daily press, from the fact that the company's income for the year shows a deficiency of over a million dollars. This is, however, not so surprising a statement, for the Erie has suffered more severely than have most of the coal roads from the recent remarkable diminution of traffic in coal—an added unfavorable and discouraging feature to the year of general business prostration, the loss in which would have been bad enough anyway. The company has continued to suffer from the piling up of its floating debt, under which it was forced to the wall during the panic last year. No reference being made to the reorganization scheme which has been before the public for some months, the rumor of a modification in that plan was strengthened. The announcement of that modification has now been made. Bondholders are asked to grant foreclosure powers in case it shall appear that the company cannot pay the third coupon of the new mortgage. It is also announced that Mr. John King, the President of the Erie Railway, has now resigned, and is succeeded by Mr. E. B. Thomas, who for some years has been First Vice-President.

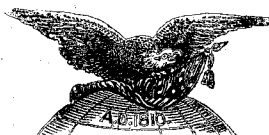
The Foreign Stockholders of the Central Pacific

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson has been chosen by the English holders of Central Pacific Railway securities to visit this country in their behalf, and they have given him full powers to attempt negotiations. The magnitude of those powers will be appreciated when it is known that half a million out of the 680,000 shares of Central Pacific stock are held abroad. Sir Charles has now arrived in New York. In this connection it is worth while to remember that next month our Government will be called upon to pay over two and a quarter million dollars of Central Pacific bonds. This will be the first payment on these bonds, which were issued years ago to subsidize the construction of the railway. As the Company has at present a sinking fund of \$5,700,000, the question arises whether the Government might not pay the maturing bonds out of this fund.

Three and a Half Days' Ocean Passage

Some United States and Canadian capitalists have been negotiating for the purchase of the short lines running eastward from Quebec for the purpose of extending the system to the Labrador coast, and there establishing a line of steamers to Europe. They declare that by this means they can reduce the passage to three and a half days.

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About People

—The founder of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, Mr. James L. Houghteling, of Chicago, is a prominent banker of that city. He is a Yale graduate.

—Upon the wall of the Palazzo Marini, at Venice, a commemorative slab has been recently placed. It bears the modest inscription: "Here lived and died Cimarosa." The composer needs no posthumous eulogy.

—From the Keepership of the Prints at the British Museum, Mr. Sidney Colvin, the translator of Woltmann's and Woermann's art histories, has advanced to the proud position of Slade Professor of Art at the University of Cambridge.

—Scores of babies born since the publication of the German Emperor's "Song to Aegir" have been named after that mythical personage; each proud mother promptly informs William II. of the honor thrust upon him, in the hope that he will show substantial appreciation.

—Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, who has taken such a great interest in the Armenians who have come to this country, says that in Massachusetts alone there are now two thousand of them. They are mostly from Asia, about half of them from Harpoot, the special field of the American missionaries and the seat of the Euphrates College.

—The little Crown Prince of Germany is a good boy, and loves his mother. One day he was being catechised by the Court chaplain, who was trying to emphasize the doctrine that all men are sinners. "Is my father a sinner?" asked the lad. The chaplain was compelled to admit that his Majesty was subject to the universal rule. "Well," exclaimed the loyal knight, "father may be, but I know mother isn't."

—Judge Holcomb, the Fusion Governor-elect of Nebraska, is a large man, six feet three inches tall, and weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds. Some time since, as a candidate for district judge, he refused to follow the example of his opponent, who pledged that while the hard times in Nebraska lasted he would not order any mortgage-foreclosures. Mr. Holcomb, on the contrary, declared that it was the duty of a judge at all times to enforce the law from the bench. He was elected.

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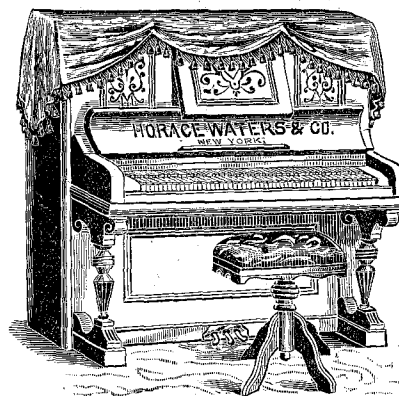
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The Sinaitic Manuscript of the Old Syriac Gospels

By Prof. George F. Moore
Of Andover Theological Seminary

The story of the discovery of this manuscript has been repeatedly told in the newspapers as well as in Mrs. Gibson's little volume, "How the Codex Was Found" (Cambridge, 1893). In February, 1892, two English ladies, Mrs. A. S. Lewis, and her sister, Mrs. M. D. Gibson, visited the Convent of Mount Sinai, and brought home photographs of a number of manuscripts in its library. Among these was a Syriac collection of lives of female saints and martyrs, written apparently in 778 A.D. The vellum for this martyrology had been obtained from older manuscripts. The original writing had been obliterated by scraping or rubbing with pumice-stone, but was still partially legible, and Mrs. Lewis recognized pages of the Gospels. An examination of some of the photographs showed Professor Bensly and Mr. Burkitt that the text was not that of the Syriac Vulgate (Peshitto), but was akin to the portions of the Old Syriac Gospels, which Cureton edited in 1858 from a unique codex in the British Museum, the so-called "Curetonian Syriac." Cureton's manuscript, which came from the Convent of S. Maria Deipara, in the Nitrian desert, was very imperfect, containing the greater part of Matthew and Luke, though with serious gaps, a much smaller part of John, and a mere scrap of Mark. The importance of the new manuscript was thus very great, and in February and March, 1893, the convent was again visited by Mrs. Lewis and her sister, in company with Professor Bensly, Mr. Rendel Harris, and Mr. F. C. Burkitt, who deciphered and transcribed all that could be read of the palimpsest.

From these copies, with the assistance of two sets of photographs, the text has now been published by the Cambridge University Press. The death of Professor Bensly, within a few days after his return to England, left the whole work of editing to Messrs. Harris and Burkitt, Mrs. Lewis contributing an introduction. The chief value of the new manuscript is, of course, for the early history of the New Testament text. What light it will throw on the extremely interesting problems which that history presents can only be told after an exhaustive comparison with all other remains of the Old Syriac version, and with other early witnesses, particularly the Old Latin. It is obvious at a glance, however, that the text of the Sinaitic Gospels (S) is by no means identical with that of Cureton's Nitrian manuscript (N). For example, the close of the Gospel of Mark (xvi, 9-20) was contained in the latter, but is lacking in the new codex. The names of the three kings which N inserts in the genealogy of Jesus, Matt. i, 8, are not found in S; and so in numerous other instances where N exhibits peculiar additions. The most striking variations, however, are in Matt. i, where S differs not only from N, but from all other manuscripts hitherto known, in representing Jesus as the son of Joseph. Matt. i, 16, reads: "Jacob begot Joseph; Joseph, to whom was betrothed the virgin Mary, begot Jesus, who is called the Christ." Compare with this, N: "Jacob begot Joseph, to whom was betrothed the virgin Mary, who bore Jesus the Christ." Corresponding variations are found in the following verses. Matt. i, 18-25, reads: "The birth of the Christ was on this wise: Mary, his mother, being betrothed to Joseph, before they had come together was found with child by the Holy Spirit. Joseph, her husband, because he was a righteous man, did not wish to expose Mary, and meditated divorcing her quietly. But while he was meditating these things, there appeared to him the Angel of the Lord in a vision, and said to him, Joseph, son of David, fear not to take Mary thy wife; for that which is (or is to be) born of her is by the Holy Spirit. She will bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from its sins. Now this came to pass in order that that should be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord in the prophet Isaiah, who said, Behold, a virgin is with child, and shall bear a

son, and he will be named Immanuel, which is interpreted, Our God is with us. When Joseph arose from his sleep, he did as the Angel of the Lord bade him, and married his wife; and she bore him a son, and he called his name Jesus." It is instructive to compare the Curetonian in Matt. i, 24: "He married Mary, and lived with her chastely until she bore a son, and (she) called his name Jesus." The emphasis of these words is most naturally explained by antagonism to such a representation as we find in the Sinaitic Gospels. Yet N itself has in vs. 21, "She shall bear thee a son," and there are other symptoms that the Curetonian is an orthodox recension of a text similar to that of S. On the other hand, S, too, (with some Old Latin codices) has "Joseph, to whom was betrothed the virgin Mary," and was therefore in turn derived from a copy in which the virgin birth had been signally emphasized. We are thus taken back into the period when the conflicting views of Christian sects about the person of Christ were immediately reflected in the text of the Gospels themselves. To the student of Church history, as well as to the textual critic, the new Sinaitic codex will prove most instructive. It is the first time that a copy of the Gospels has come into our hands from one of the numerous sects which believed Jesus to have been the son of Joseph.

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"I discovered the principle by the merest accident," states Mr. Edison. "I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! Halloo!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloo! Halloo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

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The Making of Thieves

There has surely been of late, says Mr. J. A. Riis in the "Century," a very great and significant increase in the number of child criminals that are brought to our police courts. There are more of them, and they are much younger than they used to be, and they are vastly "tougher." Their manner shows plainly that the street has been their teacher and that they have been apt pupils. Its method is simple, and varies in Hell's Kitchen and in Jewtown only in the opportunities offered. To begin with, the boy idler in the street during school hours is there in defiance of law, whether the fault is his own or not, and he knows it. He is in the attitude of opposition, the normal attitude of the street. The policeman is his enemy, and the policeman stands for the established order of things. Thus the groundwork is laid for whatever mischief comes along. It is not long in coming—rarely longer than the dinner-hour of the first day. The boy is hungry. He wants something to eat. A boy's hunger is not like a man's, which can be appeased with promises. He wants something at once. Is he playing hooky, he does not want to go home to get it. Anyway, there is no need to do so. The street can show him an easier way. A grocer's stand is handy, or a pie-wagon. Better still, a soda-water wagon: the bottle is worth so much cash at the junk-shop. The driver's back is turned; the boy "swipes" one. It is not a very great crime, but it is the stepping-stone to many greater. A horse-blanket or a copper-bottomed boiler may be the next thing. It is the first step that costs an effort, and that not a very great one, with the clamor of a hungry stomach to drown the warning voice within him that whispers of the policeman and the lock-up. The friends he makes in the streets soon help him to contempt for the one and a secret pride in the other.

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